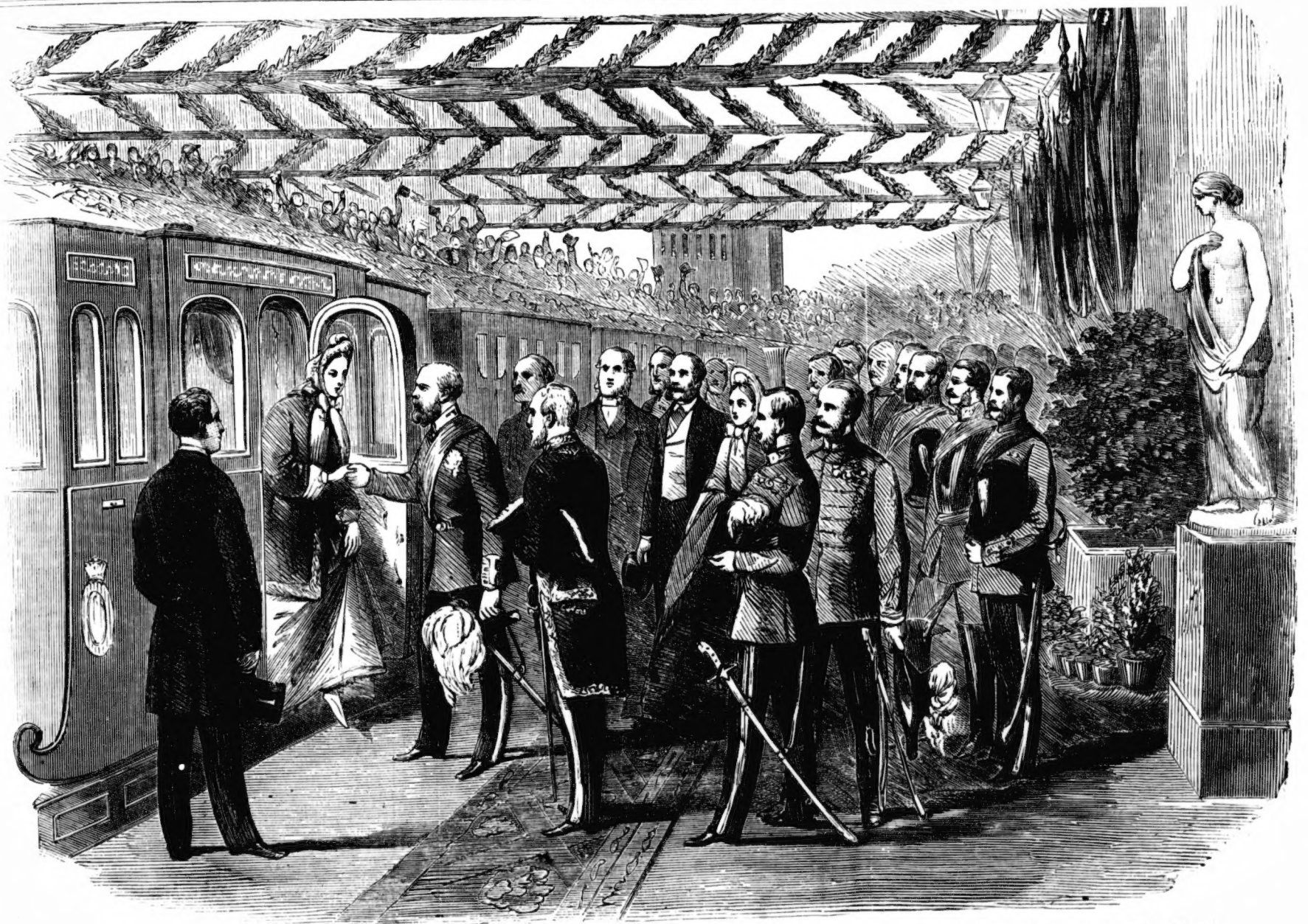


ROYAL MARRIAGE NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES

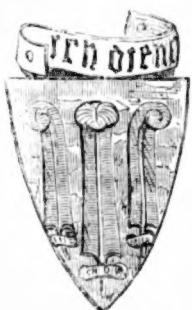
Nos. 415, 416.—Vol. II.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

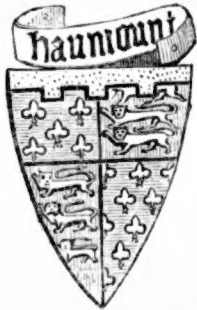
TWO SHEETS, 6D.—STAMPED, 8D.



ARRIVAL OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT THE BRICKLAYERS' ARMS RAILWAY STATION.



The Crest and Motto of the Black Prince (from his Tomb at Canterbury).



The Arms of the Black Prince (from his tomb at Canterbury).



The Feathers, as shown on the Private Seal of Henry IV. (from the "Archæologia").



The Feathers, as shown on the Seal of Henry V, when King (from the "Archæologia").



Prince of Wales's Feathers, as worn by Edward VI.



Prince of Wales's Feathers, as worn by Henry VII.

ARMS AND DEVICES OF PRINCES OF WALES.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

It would be rather difficult just now to find something new to say about the Royal marriage. Some five-and-twenty million people—that is to say, the entire population of the British Isles, minus that interesting portion of it which has not yet learned to speak—have talked of nothing else for the last ten days. A thousand pens have described the arrival, the procession through the streets, the ceremony at Windsor; and a thousand other pens have commented on the general event, regarded in all possible, and even in some impossible, points of view. Thus the union of an English Prince with a Danish Princess is looked upon in some quarters as signifying a political alliance between England and Denmark; whereas, the most it can mean in a political sense is that the reigning families of the two countries will now be on such intimate terms that, should it be ever thought desirable to pursue a joint course of action, there will be great facilities for bringing about an arrangement to that end. If it were to be a necessary consequence of the Prince of Wales's marriage that Englishmen should occupy themselves with the Schleswig-Holstein question—that question which, in the words of Mr. Disraeli, "few can understand and none explain"—then, in spite of all the affection with which the amiable and beautiful Princess of Denmark has inspired in us, we should certainly regret that Providence had not sent us the sort of German Princess that we are accustomed to, and left us as free as we are now from European complications of every kind. The happy bride, when we saw her, did not look as if she had ever troubled herself about questions of disputed nationality. No speculation as to the future of "Denmark and the Duchies" has yet cast a shade over that innocent and serene brow. Indeed, the duchy which will now chiefly occupy her thought will be her own Duchy of Cornwall, and the only "nervus socialis" she need consider is the one that binds her to the English Royal family and through it to the English nation.

On the whole, we do not suppose there was ever a more successful celebration than that which has just been witnessed in London. Each and all concerned have done their part to perfection. In a spectacular point of view, the first thing requisite for the success of the general entertainment was that the central figure in the performance should be beautiful, and the Princess is certainly most charming. Then it was not desirable that the procession should be well ordered; and all went without a hitch, except at Temple Bar, where a hitch is always expected, and where people would be rather disappointed if it did not take place. Thirdly, it was essential that the crowd should be well-behaved; and the deportment of the British public has been such as to give satisfaction even to its habitual detractors. It is highly amusing, by-the-way, to see the compliments paid by some of our more or less aristocratic newspapers to the "mob," and the patronising air with which they express their satisfaction at no outrages having been committed by "the sovereign people." They seemed to have thought that there was some chance of the inhabitants of the most civilised city in the world behaving suddenly like a herd of wild beasts, and are quite surprised that an immense mass of loyal and affectionate subjects could have exhibited the greatest possible enthusiasm without becoming riotous.

The only persons who did not do their duty—or, rather, who exceeded what they ignorantly and perversely conceived to be their duty—on the day of the procession were certain members of the metropolitan police. At least, we are told by more than one of our contemporaries that the representatives of the press, though provided with Sir Richard Mayne's passes authorising them to traverse the whole line on foot, were offensively thrust back and assailed by the police under the eye of Sir Richard Mayne himself. If this was literally the case—that is to say, if any reporter was really assaulted, he is very much to be blamed for not taking the number of the ill-disciplined ruffian who committed the offence and demanding his punishment, which ought to be of the most exemplary kind. We should not be astonished to hear that the policeman who committed the brutal onslaught spoken of by our contemporary was one of those who recently, at the request of the Grand Duke Constantine, paid a visit to Warsaw with a view to the reorganisation of the constabulary force in that unhappy city. The Russian Government decided, as Sir George Grey informed us the other night in his place in Parliament, that the English police system was not compatible with existing institutions in Poland. Sir Richard Mayne should, somehow or other, be made to understand that the Russian police system is not compatible with existing institutions in England. Moreover, even under the most despotic Government in Europe, a superior policeman takes care that all inferior policemen shall obey his orders. Sir Richard Mayne, if he can tolerate and encourage insolence in the ranks of the police, should at least not permit insubordination—and what is it but insubordination when a policeman or a soldier refuses to obey the commands of his chief?

However, there are defects in every picture; and the little scene got up by the police close to Temple Bar was the only thing that seemed to mar the general effect of the harmonious panorama presented by all London on the joyful occasion of the marriage of the heir to the throne.

PRINCE ALFRED.—Prince Alfred is now described as quite convalescent. The disease has wholly disappeared, and the Prince is permitted to take free outdoor exercise and his usual meals. His Royal Highness has passed his examination and received his commission as Lieutenant. The board of examiners consisted of Captain Egerton, of the St. George; Captain Stewart, of the Marlborough; and Commander Mansell, of the Firefly. As soon as they declared him competent to act as Lieutenant his commission was handed to him, along with an appointment to the Ragoon. His Royal Highness is probably the first officer that ever passed his examination in an hospital.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

RECEPTION OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

WHEN Princess Alexandra of Denmark quitted her native land to journey towards the unknown country in which the future of her life was to be passed, her heart, we can well imagine, lost its courage, and, like other trembling brides who give up father, mother, and "all," to follow the object of their affections, she of course yielded to her grief and wept over the parting from the loved associations of her infancy, the rending of home ties, and the long farewell to the dear friends of her happy girlhood. How oppressive must have been the feeling that she was leaving behind her in her fatherland the affection of a nation, exchanging its well-proved devotion for the uncertainty of the foreigners' loyalty! What did she know of England that could reconcile her to the loss of her beloved Denmark? She had been taught that it was a mighty kingdom, famed for its courage and power, hated for its arrogance and envied for its wealth, peopled by a cold, phlegmatic race, who cared for nothing but money-making. The great consideration and homage paid to the fair "pilgrim of love" as she traversed the Continent on her way to her island home were proof sufficient that the influence of England had given additional importance to the Princess of Denmark; indeed, the glory of her triumphal progress towards the new country was enough to bewilder one of such tender years and make her shrink back in alarm from the grandeur and responsibility of her sudden exaltation. Where Princess Alexandra would have been permitted to travel in peace, the future Princess of Wales was courted and fêted; Kings and Princes received her with stately welcomes, and palaces were prepared for her reception. The modest girl, who a few years since owed all her consideration to the reflected glory of her father's nobility, suddenly found herself raised to such excessive dignity that her Royal parent could not equal her in state and power. At the cities through which she passed costly offerings were laid at her feet, until, like the Princess in the fable, it seemed as if her path were strewn with pearls and diamonds. Ministers and Burgomasters were awaiting her with humble addresses, crowds were fighting for front places to catch one glimpse of the future Queen of England. How powerful must that England be! How proud and haughty must be its people! How would they welcome the humble, gentle Princess who had travelled from Denmark to become the second lady in the first kingdom of the world? How the answer to that question has been given is now our duty to record.

The demonstration of Saturday last may be written in history as the most perfect in its enthusiasm and simple grandeur that has ever taken place in the capital of England, or in the world. It was reserved to the people of this land to make their future Queen the noblest of all offerings—one which no wealth or power has yet been able to purchase—the great and priceless gift of our free country's love. There was in the grand reception given by the people of England to Princess Alexandra an outburst of national affection and sympathy, a splendor of welcoming, which must have deeply moved and comforted the heart of the fair stranger, and have proved to her that in the land of her adoption friends were not wanting to replace those whom she had quitted in the home and land of her forefathers.

To render this homage London laid aside its money-making; the nation of shopkeepers shut up their shops. What is to become of sugars and metals? How is the rate of discount, or Mincing-lane, or the Stock Exchange, to repair such a stoppage of business? How many millions has that one day cost? and for what was the sacrifice made? To gaze upon the sweet face of the beautiful girl who trusts her future to our keeping; to cry out "God bless you!" and make her happy. She comes to us in almost the simplicity of a private lady. A carriage or two are waiting to receive her. A few soldiers are the only evidences of the Royalty of the bridegroom; but a nation walks forth to meet her. Her grandeur is left to the people. They crown her with the crown of England. If she at one time feared the trial of her reception, if she doubted its result, now her eyes are lighted up with gratitude and surprise. Wherever she gazes, "Welcome to Alexandra" meets her eye. Through the six miles of her triumphal entry, "God bless the Prince and Princess!" surround her, on the walls and overhead. Her carriage has to pass through a human thicket nearly equaling the population of her native land, and from every throat rises the cheer that hails the accepted bride of the nation.

In any other country so vast a ceremony would have been undertaken and directed by the Government. The flags and trophies kept for this purpose, the glittering stock-in-trade of holiday-making, would have been paraded at the expense of the nation. In England it was the people, and only the people, who undertook to dress up their city in its modest finery. The million banners were hung out by its million citizens. Every one, according to his means, performed his utmost; indeed, it was a festival offered by the multitude to their Prince. They were the givers of the entertainment, and the Royal couple were their guests.

Even the Queen herself, she who reposes with such confidence in the love of her subjects, did not anticipate so enthusiastic a reception for her children. The Government were so little prepared for the magnificence of the demonstration that the first notion of the Princess's entry into London was that of a slow drive through the City and a sharp trot to Paddington. It was considered that all England would be satisfied if the fair Princess were paraded through the streets at the pace of six miles an hour. But the multitude were determined not to be thrust on one side; they were resolved that the procession should be graced with more dignity than is bestowed upon a Lord Mayor's show. They felt that they, too, had a right to express their approval of this choice of a Princess. The gratitude they owe the good and virtuous Lady whose reign has been one long blessing, urged them to protest against the slight shown to the nation, a slight that almost betokened a want of confidence in their behaviour and a haughty disdain for their opinion. The people of England were determined that the glories of last Saturday should be left in their keeping, and they shouted from their million throats as though they hoped that the riot of the jubilee might be heard by the gracious Lady at Windsor, and carry comfort to the widow and happiness to the mother in the knowledge that her children were beloved.

The preparations for the public entry of the Princess of Denmark into London have been so rapidly carried out that they have scarcely been in progress more than a week. London seems to have slipped on its finery with the rapidity of a servant-girl on her day out. The gas-fitters were the first to set to work, and very soon their shops were filled with great "A's" of all forms and sizes, some so twisted and curled that at first it was really difficult to tell them from the proverbial bull's foot. The plume of feathers, too, rapidly made its appearance, and iron piping thick enough to be water-spouts began to perambulate the thoroughfares and endanger human life at the street-corners. At the clubs and principal shops men were soon seen screwing together with gigantic nippers the massive tubing that was to set London in a blaze. For many days the air was filled with the unpleasant odour of escaping gas, a smell which may have stimulated the appetites of the sightseers as the fumes of a cooking dinner do the hungry, but which, to the philosophic nose, has no relish. About this time, too, London began to wash its face and generally clean itself, the drab-painted portico and housefronts undergoing the process of soap and water with the usual satisfactory results. As the week passed on rumours were spread abroad of the wonderful doings at London Bridge, the Mansion House, St. Paul's, and Temple Bar, and shortly the business men in the City had the satisfaction of finding that any attempt to hurry from the Bank to the Mansion House in three minutes was perfectly absurd. Crowds set in eastward, and passed the entire day staring up at men sawing wood and nailing planks together. The greatest excitement prevailed when the bales of red cloth were unrolled, and the sight of a gilded cornice was sufficient to compensate them for three hours' patient looking on. Those who wished to purchase flags and banners heard with joy the important tidings that a shipload of them was on its way from Paris. Pocket-handkerchiefs of the celebrated union-jack pattern were rapidly rising in the market. The enthusiastic

timber-merchant was observed driving in the Strand with a cart laden with flagpoles. Every available piece of ground on the route of the procession was hired for the festive day by speculators in seats. Churchyards, houses, to let, private gardens, were snatched up at prices equivalent to three years' rent. We have heard of one hundred guineas being given for an area, two hundred for a lead flat, and three hundred for a front garden. The carts loaded with timber creeping along the streets, or delivering their contents at the pavement side, and the thousands of people from the country, who invariably stopped to view the interesting process, had the effect of turning the one day's festival into a three days' holiday by entirely putting an end to all business. Indeed, to take a hansom cab in the hope of hurrying over the ground was about equivalent to sitting for half an hour in an easy chair and enjoying the agony of observing that the foot-passengers travelled faster than the rider.

But now came a terrible blow to the hopes of the multitude. It was suddenly rumoured about that the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Government were at loggerheads. The report was spread that my Lord threatened Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, that the City would withdraw all its support and banners from the procession, that the gilded State coach should be left in the coach-house, and poor Princess Alexandra be deprived of the pleasure of the united Aldermen's company, unless the authorities of the city of London were treated with becoming reverence. The Cooks the Carpenters, the Paviers, the Skinners, all vowed to withdraw their aid to the pageantry unless the demands of the Lord Mayor were acceded to. Then Southwark began to discover that it had been alighted in the arrangement of the procession; and at last Westminster rose against some imaginary insult. The price of seats began to decline; first-floor windows went down fifty per cent. Parlours ceased to be quoted, and nobody would even look at bedrooms. At this fearful crisis, we are happy to say that the Government, at the instigation of Lord Palmerston, yielded. Sir George Grey had to hide his diminished head, and the Lord Mayor instantly sent orders to Messrs. Shrewsbury and Elkington, of the Freemasons' Tavern, that the preparations for the Mansion House déjeuner were to proceed with the utmost dispatch.

How evanescent are the joys of this world! No sooner had the banners been hung out and the flags stretched across the road from window to window—scarcely had plumes, and stars, and "A's," and "God bless you!" and "Welcome," been properly fixed and placed in working order, than another fearful rumour spread through the town, to the horror of seat speculators. It was whispered that the Archbishop of Canterbury was adverse to the whole proceeding, on purely religious grounds. With the utmost difficulty the head dignitary of the Church of England was induced to withdraw his objections; but scarcely had the market recovered its healthy condition when the great world of London had to undergo a terrible shock. This time it was Admiral Fitzroy who tried to throw cold water on the triumphal entry. As if he had nothing better to do, that gallant officer amused himself by predicting a terrific gale to take place just about the very time when the delicate Princess of Denmark would take her seat in her open carriage. Now the excitement in London was unendurable. Young ladies who had been thinking of this fête for the last fortnight, and had ordered bonnets and shawls, and new mantles, that they might look as pretty as millinery could make them, began to abuse the gallant weather-prophet in the most violent of drawing-room language, and inveigh against him in words which, could he have heard them, would have made his cocked hat leap from his affrighted head. We could mention two houses in Grosvenor-square where he would have met a very warm reception had he dared to face the indignant crinolines assembled in committee. When it was discovered that the glass was rapidly sinking; when the rain began to fall on Friday afternoon, the papas and mamas wished they had not taken the windows which had cost them so dear; and many a fair face gazed on the silken dress sent home in such good time to be worn on the eventful morrow, and declared, as she put away her best bonnet, that it would be better to don her every-day Coburg and deliver up to the opposing elements her homely straw.

On the morning of the ever-to-be-remembered 7th of March, 1863, the millions of London arose with the dawn and rushed to their bedroom windows to judge for themselves how the day promised. The streets were wet and muddy, and the sky overhead was threatening; but the rain had ceased, and there was hope. Before eight o'clock thousands of delicate hands were tapping at the weather-glass, and, joy of joys! the needle stood still, and refused for once to obey the duple finger. Everybody resolved to risk the consequences, and welcome the Princess in their gayest attire. Of course the chief point of attraction was Gravesend, to witness the landing of the fair stranger and her reception by her Royal bridegroom, the Prince of Wales. The great opposing difficulty, after obtaining a ticket of admission to the pier, was how to thread the crowded streets and arrive at the railway station in time to reach the looked-for destination at the appointed hour.

By eight o'clock the streets of London were crowded with pedestrians and cabs, all hurrying in the same direction. Volunteers in uniforms of all colours were rushing along with the speed of men who were late for an appointment; and, before the clock had struck nine, it was impossible to obtain a public vehicle of any kind, however liberal one might feel disposed to be. It was evident that the cabmen were resolved to enjoy a half holiday, like their neighbours. Such an entire delivering up of this vast city to pleasure-making has never been witnessed before.

The rain of the previous evening had not improved the appearance of the flags and trophies decorating the streets. The long lines of banners stretched across the thoroughfares from opposite windows somewhat conveyed the notion of linen hung out to dry; but, happily, they were drying, and that as fast as any laundress could desire; and, although they now hung heavy with moisture, and moved more like signboards than bunting, fortunately they were brisk enough and streaming in the breezes by the time our newly-adopted Princess had an opportunity of viewing them. Everybody was busy to repair the evil effects of the storm. From one window a lady, with a broom in her hand, was energetically striving to restore to its proper position a union jack that had hung itself round its pole. Over another shop the proprietor was polishing the rust from the reflector behind his star. The ladies who were hurrying in their broughams en route to the Bricklayers' Arms and Gravesend Railway station had to cross Waterloo Bridge, and were thus afforded an excellent opportunity of viewing the back streets of Lambeth, and could judge for themselves of the extent of trade carried on in the rag and bone line by the inhabitants of those dirty, dismal streets, more especially as the line of carriages up to the terminus extended half-way down the Borough-road, and could only proceed a few yards at a time, as each vehicle discharged its occupant. At the London-bridge terminus the excitement was at its utmost. Thousands were pouring into the metropolis as train after train arrived; very healthy-looking young ladies, with white dresses charmingly indicative of country washing; volunteers by dozens; and gentlemen with large hands and happy expressions of countenance got up in the half-sporting costume which the Kentish farmer loves to wear. To do full honour to the festivities of the day even the engines had been decorated, and carried gigantic bouquets of fir-trees, laurel-bushes, and evergreens of all descriptions.

THE STREETS AT DAYBREAK ON SATURDAY MORNING.

On the night of Friday, the 6th of March, the streets of London in the route of the intended procession resembled some wild dream, in which a number of half-shaped fancies mingled confusedly without any definite form, yet full of strange and suggestive import.

Nothing was complete. The skeletons of triumphal arches, the mere groundworks of glowing devices, the beams, and rafters, and scaffolds supporting huge stacks of timber half clothed with drapery of red and white, were lighted by flaring jets of gas, which hissed and sputtered in the plashing rain. The sound of hammers mingled with the hoarse murmur of the crowd and the rumbling of the vehicles that sought egress from the muddy street.

It might have been hoped that the auspicious morning—breaking in a lead-coloured haze and still boding rain—would have found all

things prepared, and that Londoners who had either sat up all night, or snatched only an hour or two of repose, in their eagerness to see the show, would have gone forth to find the whole aspect of the town changed, and the grim streets, their road and foot ways still black with sticky mud, wearing holiday array. The sightseers were beforehand with the sights, however, and the preparations were far from completion. In the dim morning they presented but a melancholy appearance, for it required much colour and bright ornament to lighten the dull haze with which the day set in. Such colour as the trophies possessed was still in course of being laid on the forms of triumphal arches, and the decorations of public buildings were still concealed with scaffolds; and the crowd of people who hung about in rather tired-looking groups bore the expression which they might have worn if they had entered a theatre intending to witness some gorgeous transformation and had wandered behind the scenes amongst paint-pots and canvas. In the neighbourhoods (mostly by the river-side) in which early taverns had been opened before daybreak a good many people had adjourned; but on London Bridge a large concourse of people passed and repassed, and looked and wondered, and evidently didn't quite know what to do with themselves. Here some of the preparations had assumed more distinct shape; the tall masts crowned with ravens and elephants had been reared; the tripods, as yet innocent of incense, were fixed on their pedestals; and the workmen were putting the final touches to some of the colossal figures in the niches. The arch, however, was still a mysterious jumble of plank and scaffold, with gilding peeping out here and there, and the white horses (much whiter than the arch itself, by-the-way) prancing madly on the top. Omnibuses, carts, and cabs struggled in the roadways. The mob, revived by a gleam of sunshine, bore in two surging streams south and west; and, as the bridge itself would be closed at an early hour, fresh crowds displaced those who gained either the London or the Southwark side. It was in the latter locality that the noisiest and the least weary were to be found, for Billingsgate porters and other water-side people are tolerably well used to early rising, and were ready to brighten up for the day after a stimulating breakfast. All along the line of route to the Bricklayers' Arms station they added quite a lively element to the popular jocularly; swarmed in every species of conveyance from a light pony-chaise to a broad-wheeled waggon, and wore enormous favours in their greasy hats, or pinned upon their Guernsey shirts and canvas frocks.

The main crowd now began to press towards the City, not without looks of disappointment at the unfinished arch, the punctual completion of which was the subject of many wagers. Along King William-street, which was bare of ornament, and looked blank and disloyal, to the front of the Mansion House (the only finished building in the line of route), which looked rich but dull with its crimson pillars wanting bright sunlight and clear air to define their white ornaments, into the Poultry, now a scene of confusion, the mob pressed on to St. Paul's-churchyard, where the seats were covered with the roof, and the crimson cloth gave them a handsome finish. It was early morning now no longer, though the workmen were still busy with Temple Bar, which was another disappointment to the people. The West-end had waked up; Fleet-street had thrown out floral eruptions, and streamers floated across the roadway, some of them expressing singular geographical sentiments, such as welcoming Denmark to the mountains of Wales, or professing similar hospitality in the name of "old" Great Britain, which was represented by a map. Certain sagacious individuals had taken the opportunity of turning the streamers into mediums for advertisements, and, later in the day, distributed showers of handbills from second-floor windows.

Now the day began in earnest. Itinerant musicians arrived and took up their position in streets just off the main thoroughfare; the sellers of wedding favours, oranges, flowers, pipe-lighters, and combs plied their callings, and the Ethiopian serenaders, headed by their conductor in a new supply of collar, a swallow-tail coat of an Indian shawl pattern, and three white feathers in his hat, made a little procession of their own, much to the delight of the crowd, who made way for them to creep under the horses' heads and thread the maze of vehicles towards the Strand.

GRAVESEND.

The Mayor of Gravesend will most likely be knighted; but, in compliment to the handsome and tasteful manner in which he decorated the landing-place where the Princess of Denmark first placed foot on English soil, we would suggest that he should be made a peer of the realm. In the addresses presented to the Prince and Princess, the Mayor refers with evident pride to the fact that Gravesend has ever been the favorite landing-place of Royalty on its way to London; and if on each occasion the crowned heads who have honoured the Terrace Pier with their patronage have been received with the same elegant display as that which distinguished the ceremony of Saturday last, the only wonder is that the Mayor of Gravesend is able to get rid of his noble guests at all; for, according to the calculation of an impartial eye-witness, at least twelve hundred ladies dressed with splendour and flushed with excitement adorned the landing-place with their presence.

The rain which had visited London had not spared Gravesend, but, on the contrary, had behaved cruelly to the town; and the decorations had suffered severely, being first soaked to pulp with showers, and then blown to atoms by the southwester. The only fortunate circumstance was, that those who visited Gravesend went for the express purpose of seeing the Princess of Denmark and not the decorations, whilst, on the other hand, perhaps the kindest consolation we can offer to the Mayor is, that probably the Princess herself would not, during her ten minutes' ride to the railway-station, have found much time to spare for the criticism of faulty triumphal arches and defective garlands of calico roses. What Gravesend would have effected in the decorative style had Mr. Snelling, the appointed decorator, been able to carry out his admirable designs under the blessing of a clear sky, it is difficult to conceive; but we are informed that the beauties of Cremorne and the graces of the Château des Fleurs were to have transferred Harmer-street into a perfect bower of bliss, and culminated in a galaxy of overwhelming loveliness around the landing-pier. For the want of a few hours' fair weather one half of the angels intended to support the gorgeous garlands festooning in mid air had to be sent back to the shed whence they came. Scarcely one quarter of the cargoes of flowers and wagon-loads of evergreens which were to have embowered the graceful figures of Hops could be brought into requisition, and at least twenty of the unfortunate Hops themselves, whose handsome appearance had but a few hours before told such a flattering tale of success, were carried out of sight, no doubt to be warehoused until the next crowned head shall grace Gravesend with its presence. At the top of Harmer-street a magnificent arch had been erected and profusely decorated with evergreens; and the patriotic intention of the designer in surmounting it with the figure of Britannia was that Princess Alexandra should, at the first coup-d'oeil, understand that our all-powerful "ruler of the waves" was rejoiced to see her safe on shore. But if the exterior decorations of Gravesend were any the worse for the drizzling of the stormy night, at least the interior of the landing-pier itself was all that could be desired. Flags, and banners, and garlands of flowers had transformed the wooden tunnel into the handsomest of reception-rooms. So complete and pleasing was the general scheme of ornamentation that we heard several ladies present suggesting that it was the duty of the Mayor to give a grand ball in honour of the occasion before the flags, banners, and garlands were returned to the enterprising contractors.

We reached Gravesend shortly before the Lords of the Admiralty visited the pier, and had the honour of witnessing their cordial reception. The excitement which prevailed among the ladies who occupied the privileged seats erected for the occasion had all the morning been so intense that at the least noise rising from the river the four tiers of bonnets were instantly stretched forward to ascertain the cause of the tumult. When the guns boomed forth in honour of the Black Eagle, with their Lordships on board, every fair spectator felt assured that the Royal yacht bearing the Princess was in sight, and not even the gallant appearance of their Lordships, as they stepped on to the pier, could reconcile them to their disappointment. There was plenty to look at and notice, even though the time did

hang heavily on our hands. The ladies indulged in long stares at all the notabilities who had come to assist at the reception, and were very severe in their criticism upon this general's nose or that nobleman's eyes, besides being equally sarcastic upon the toilets of one another; and, considering that there were 1200 ladies present, it will be seen that they had quite enough to occupy their time. The younger ladies were sentimentally inclined, and could chat of nothing but the meeting that was so shortly to take place. We heard a very pretty red cloak ask an excessively fascinating black lace shawl how she thought the Royal couple would regard each other when first they met? The reply was that they would, of course, look foolish—a remark which created a laugh; for little did they know the mettle of our Prince. The cruelest trial experienced by the ladies was whenever a telegraphic message was received, for it excited their curiosity deathfully, and it was positively painful to listen to their inquiries as to what the telegram was about, and all sorts of feminine speculations were indulged in as to the probable contents.

One great feature of the ceremonial was to consist of a kind of ballet divertissement, to be performed by sixty young ladies, selected from the most beautiful maidens of Gravesend, who were to strew flowers in the path of the Royal couple as they advanced up the Terrace Pier. These young ladies were attired in white, warmed up by scarlet cloaks, which gave them the appearance of a bevy of pretty Little Red-Riding-hoods, and when the time came for them to perform their interesting duties, most gracefully did they scatter the violets from their dainty baskets.

When at last a telegram had been received to notify that the Prince had started from London, there was a rustling of dresses and a putting of bonnets in shape among the ladies, and an important hurrying about among the gentlemen. Eyes were turned alternately from the road entrance to the river side, for almost simultaneously with the intelligence that the bridegroom was en route, warning was received that the bride was in sight; for a gentleman, rushing frantically up the pier steps, announced that the Victoria and Albert could be distinctly seen in the distance. There was evident truth in the announcement from the excited behaviour of the vessels on the river—the little boats forgetting about, and all the vessels within sight exhibiting strong symptoms of a desire to go on ahead. Then came the shrouding from all quarters. In our anxiety to see everything we unfortunately missed many remarkable sights. If, perchance, we turned our heads in one direction, the crews of the men-of-war lying off the pier would be certain to swarm up their rigging like a cloud of monkeys, and before we could look at them they were each in their place, dotting the yards like so many birds on a perch; and then, whilst we were admiring their wonderful activity, a shout in a contrary direction informed us that the Princess had for an instant stepped from her deck cabin and bowed to a steamer with a mob on board as thick and black as a negro's head of hair.

With an easy motion, more like floating through air than steaming through the water, the Victoria and Albert circled round on the river and steered towards the landing-stage. The host of little boats were still following her, and, as she brought to, quite surrounded her. A sudden firing of a salute from Tilbury Fort made the four tiers of ladies jump in alarm from their crimson seats; and scarcely had they recovered their proper position on their benches when the stout men-of-war sent forth their mighty thunder. Many a hand that was busy cleaning the opera-glass preparatory to the long stare at the ladies and gentlemen visible on the quarterdeck of the Royal yacht was jerked right and left as each gun exploded; and very touching were the pretty cries of "Oh!" that escaped from the younger and perhaps more interesting—simply because more helpless—portion of the Mayor of Gravesend's guests. A figure dressed in white now stood upon the deck of the Royal yacht, looking about her with almost the startled expression of one aroused from sleep. She gazed upon the boats on the river, and on the big ships around; she turned her eyes towards the pier, and with a half-frightened, half-delighted expression; for the moment she was unable to stir from the spot; she stood powerless from astonishment. But soon the colour returned to her cheeks, heightening to an innocent blush, and, modestly recalling her self-possession, she gracefully bowed her acknowledgments to the cheering multitude that surrounded her. In vain did she try to retreat within the deck-cabin. Whether absent or present, the same cordial shouts of welcome to her English home followed her into her privacy; and, as if grateful for the spontaneity of the reception, she could not refrain from again and again stepping forth on the deck to thank the vast assemblage for their enthusiastic greeting.

The Government officials in waiting had hardly stepped on board to do homage to the Royal lady when the Prince of Wales arrived. His appearance was the signal for the most ardent and vociferous cheering, especially among the ladies, who seemed by this time to be worked up to the most sentimental pitch of admiration and delight. Dressed in the quiet fashion of an English gentleman, every one was fascinated with the unpretending appearance of the young Heir to the throne of England, who, laying aside all trappings and pomp of State, preferred to mingle with his countrymen in an attire which bore no evidences of his exalted rank. Scarcely knowing what to do between his desire to hasten forward to receive his bride, and his obvious inclination to bow his thanks to the elegant assemblage who still continued to pour forth their plaudits, the Prince at last compromised the matter by gracefully inclining to the right and left, and then hastening at a brisk pace towards the deck-cabin to which his eyes had been constantly turned. The Princess, struggling between the natural restraint caused by the public gaze and her own genuine impulses towards the object of her affection, after a moment's hesitation stepped out on the deck to meet her betrothed. It was at this moment that the grandest and most interesting incident of the day's proceedings occurred. The Prince, raising his hat, passed his arm round the waist of his bride and gave her such a kiss as those who love *sans peur et sans reproche* alone can give. It was a brave, noble kiss, one that came more from the heart than the lips—such a one as a knight of old would have imprinted on the cheek of his beloved as he acknowledged her before a witnessing and cheering multitude as his future wife. There was an authority, and also a delivering up, in the courageous embrace. He claimed her as his, and he gave up his heart to her, placing, as it were, his seal upon his treasure and marking her as his own. Never was a more chivalrous or a more genuinely-truthful welcome given by a lover to his beloved. In one moment everybody who witnessed this salutation understood the great affection that existed between the Royal and youthful pair, and instantly felt that this match foreboded happiness to the country; because the union was not one of diplomacy brought about by cunning statesmen to secure powerful dynastic influences, but one simply intended to guarantee the virtue of our Court, and to continue the excellent example practised so long by our good Queen.

It was now time that the Princess should prepare for her triumphal entry into London, and, as a plain white dress, although excessively becoming, would scarcely have been considered grand enough for the important event, she retired to change her toilet, and presently—with a rapidity which we hope will be followed by the ladies of England—reappeared in a violet velvet mantle, richly adorned with sable, and in a white bonnet surmounted by a cluster of roses. All the ladies, of course, were instantly on the quiver to see how she looked. The universal opinion seemed to be that she looked very beautiful. As, arm-in-arm, she and the Prince advanced along the pier those who had the privilege of being present appeared unable to restrain themselves in the vehemence of their greeting. When the Mayores, Mrs. Sams, presented the illustrious lady with a bouquet, and the illustrious lady thanked her in English, which was all the prettier for its slightly—very slightly—foreign accent, everybody shouted with delight to think that the bride-elect could already speak our language. As the sixty fair damsels, who themselves, being young and tender, had naturally been much affected by the whole proceedings, scattered their violets in the pathway, the typical meaning of the graceful performance once more sent the ladies into paroxysms of delight, and the gentlemen into spasms of admiration; and, whilst the small hands waved their handkerchiefs, the large hands flourished their hats; so that it was almost a mercy that their Royal

Highnesses were forced to hurry on their road to London, as there seemed strong ground for the belief that the entire concourse on the Terrace Pier would become fit subjects for immediate admission to Colney Hatch or Hanwell.

The carriages by this time were drawn up, and the Royal party took their seats. The ladies, of course, were anxious to know how the youthful pair would be seated—the girls hoping that they would be side by side, and the mammas vowing it would not be proper. The mammas turned out to be in the right, for the Prince took his seat facing his fiancée. There was good sense in this; for he could see her all the better. The cortège, simple as it was—in fact, a picnic party would have made almost as imposing a display—was received in the streets of Gravesend with every possible demonstration of loyalty. The volunteers who guarded the way presented their arms with dashing effect, and the sailors, boatmen, pilots, shrimp merchants, and the general population of the town, cheered as loudly as if they were vociferating through speaking-trumpets. At the railway station the Royal party were received in a room which had been transformed for the moment into a conservatory; and here the curious had an excellent opportunity of admiring the beautiful countenance of the Princess; for it so happened that, through somebody's blunder and excess of zeal, three or four foreign noblemen in the suite were handed over to the police because they happened to be in plain clothes, and the Royal party had to wait till they were released.

BY RAIL.

The Royal saloon carriage is as pretty and elegant a travelling-box as the Princess could have desired. Its amber-satin lining gives it a golden look; and it is cushioned out, and lozenged, and fluted so that every nook and corner of it points out with luxurious ease and comfort. As the Princess reclined in her fauteuil, admiring the elegant bouquet-holder which the ladies of Gravesend had presented to her, she formed a charming picture of the fastidious delights of Regal enjoyment. Seen through the window of the carriage, the Prince of Wales was chatting and laughing in an off-hand gaiety of spirit which showed how happy he felt; and when he heard of the mishap that had befallen the members of the suite he laughed heartily, and communicated the tidings to the Princess, whose eyes instantly lighted up with twinkling merriment, as if she, too, enjoyed the fun.

All along the line, on the homeward journey, the stations were crowded with spectators, who had, after waiting some hours, the enjoyment of seeing about as much of the Royal couple as if a swallow had darted past them. But everybody was well pleased, whether they saw anything or saw nothing. They seemed perfectly content to know that their Royal Highnesses occupied one of the carriages. White handkerchiefs were fluttered and hats were waved; for one second a shout was heard, and then on went the train again through the country, where chaise-carts were drawn up at convenient corners, where servant girls stood in cottage gardens, and ladies had clambered up the railway embankments, all mad with loyalty, and throwing their arms about to greet the Princess as she flew past. In a field half a mile off a ploughman waved his hat. Even the haystacks were decorated. Penny cannon popped away, and street boys were struggling to play the national hymn of Denmark. On chimney-stacks, at back windows, on roofs, in coal-waggons, in railway trucks, on parapets and walls—everywhere the mob had clambered up to throw out its shout, as the fair stranger journeyed to London.

THE BRICKLAYERS' ARMS.

This ugly station and this ugly quarter of London we had feared would have formed an unlucky starting-place for the Princess's triumphal entry, for it requires an active mind and a strong belief in the decorative art to be able to realise the idea of a goods-shed, begrimed with coal-dust, being transformed into a floral grove, or to picture the dingy, poverty-stricken Dover-road suddenly converted into a tasteful avenue of banners. But it so happens that earnest men can do anything. They whitewash tie-beams and rafters and entwine them with roses; they drape unsightly roofs with the flags of nations; they hide the dingy brick walls behind trophies of banners and spears; and where there is any ugly spot to be concealed, they disguise it with a garden of exotics and evergreens, and mounds of sweet-smelling flowers, whose perfume overcomes even the musty odour of the shed. That the dainty feet of the fair Princess should not tread on the coarse boards of a platform dented and splintered by the hobnails of railway porters, rolls of carpet are spread out, and the rough footway is metamorphosed into a soft, warm, and elegant path. All this the directors had done with their goods-shed at the Bricklayers' Arms station. It was the scene-painting of festive effects. More than all, they had built up at one end of their platform rows of raised seats, on which were ranged a mound of elegant ladies, whose chatter and rich attire warmed up and humanised the place. When the Royal train arrived at the Bricklayers' Arms station the Duke of Cambridge was there, ready to receive the Princess and hand her from the carriage. The railway directors and Government officials were hovering about; officers in uniform were marching up and down with an air of busy importance, and everybody was worked up to the greatest pitch of wild excitement. Scarcely was the tip of the Royal lady's bonnet seen than out burst the little shrill "Hurrahs!" of the fair ones on the platform, toned down by the graff shouts of their protectors; and the handkerchiefs were at it again, throwing out odours of millefleurs, kiss-me-quick, and Guards' bouquet. As the Prince, arm-in-arm with his bride elect, advanced to the reception-room, the usual uncontrollable fit of madness seized upon all present. Shouting began everywhere—on the platform, in the rooms beyond, in the courtyard without; and each time the Royal pair bowed their acknowledgments of the fervent greeting it only made the enraptured beholders worse; indeed, if they had not beaten a precipitate retreat to the apartment fitted up for their accommodation, the Royal progress through the City might have been delayed for hours.

Before leaving the Bricklayers' Arms station the Prince, who seems as proud of his bride as all earnest lovers should be, and as fond of showing her beautiful face as he is of seeing it himself, led the Princess back to the distinguished company to make their final bow; and then, amid the vehement acclamations of the outdoor concourse, the Royal couple took their seats in an open carriage and started for the journey through the City. The courtyard had been gravelled and decorated; the stands built round it were covered with crimson cloth and decorated with evergreens. As you looked around it you were reminded of a tiltyard of olden times, and almost expected to see, rushing through the triumphal arch which formed the entrance to the yard, some knight in armour, prepared to do battle for Alexandra of Denmark.

Now the procession moves away at a foot pace through the lofty arch, where the Princess sees the coat-of-arms and shield of Denmark side by side with those of England. Through the vista of bannerets and garlands she raises her eyes and reads the words "May their union be happy!" Then, through the lofty gateway, onward they move, a frantic mob waiting to receive them. She is the pride and the joy of all. "Tis on her they gaze; 'tis for her they have so patiently passed the hours, pushing and struggling for a place whence her fair face may best be seen. Her parents, her brothers and sisters, are witnesses of her triumph; but she with modesty receives the tribute of popular gratulation, bowing meekly to the greeting, and with a puzzled look in her frank countenance, as if she could not thoroughly understand what she had done to merit such unrestrained homage. The road is densely crowded. The mob occupies the whole of the thoroughfare, and it is as much as the police can do to keep clear the carriage-way. It is not a fashionable crowd, and the upturned faces, as you look at them, are not too well washed, but the pink mouths are open, yelling right loyalty; and it is among this class—the honest, hard-working mechanics of London—that one can best judge of the earnest sincerity of the illustrious stranger's welcome. The dingy houses have done all they could to disguise their smoke-stained bricks under hastily-arranged finery. It is evident that each floor contains a separate family. From one balcony hangs a piece of carpet; from the window above a sun-bleached curtain dangles; and from the roofs flags of all sizes and materials, from the glazed calico with the red cross of Denmark pasted on it to the fourpenny pocket-handkerchief printed in colours. The shop-fronts are crammed with people

district occupied the largest stand in the neighbourhood; and we'll answer for it that the fair Princess saw no prettier sight during that long drive than those little children in their clean white caps and blue bows, wishing her joy with their feeble cheers. Have they any charity schools in Denmark? and are the deserted so well cared for in the land she has left?

Around the Southwark entrance to London Bridge the thousands of Surrey had taken up their stand. They were clustered on the new railway arches, and stretched away nearly up to the London Bridge terminus. The hop merchants had crammed the windows of their big warehouses with friends. Every doorstep had its stand. Even on the masts of the vessels by the sides of the wharves sailors were hanging, clinging to one another like clustering bees. Even on the ugly iron bridge, which at this spot spans the road, and formed an ugly black smudge to the gay scene, adventurous lads thought it worth their while to risk a broken neck by creeping along the riveted flanges. Up rose such a shout as the Princess approached that even the horses in the Royal carriages, well trained as they had been by the cheering along the route, were frightened, and drew back as if afraid to face the din. There was some delay here. A messenger had been dispatched to retard the Royal procession, as, from the crowded state of the City, it was not safe for the cortege to enter until the mob could be forced back into something like order and position. So the Royal carriages were drawn on to London Bridge, from which the public had been excluded, and there for half an hour they had to remain.

LONDON BRIDGE.

But there was plenty to amuse the Royal party, even though thirty minutes may seem a long time. In all the magnificent fées given by the French Government, never has there been so perfect and tasteful a decoration presented to a noble guest as that which the city of London offered to the Danish Princess. The allusions and the respect shown to her native land were most delicate. Everywhere the praise of Denmark was the subject of the embellishments. The parapets were ornamented with portraits of the Kings of Denmark, from the first of the Vikings down to his present Majesty Frederik VII., and they hung like shields affixed to the tall standards from which floated the Danish flag. Between these standards were placed bronze tripods on crimson pedestals, and the incense rose cooling from them, and sweetened the river air. At the approaches to the bridge, both north and south, were towers 20 ft. in height, bearing on their pedestals statues of Fame, with the extended wings joining around the column, and surmounted by Danish warriors holding the Dannebrog, the national flag of Denmark. At the far end, next the City, stood the great triumph of the day—the noble arch, 60 ft. in height, stretching across the entire bridge, and decorated in Royal style with gold and scarlet. The united arms of England and Denmark, and medallions of the Prince and Princess, were placed over the centre arch; whilst statues of Saxo Grammaticus the grammarian (1156), Holberg the poet, Thorwaldsen the sculptor, and Juel the painter, stood on columns placed on either side of the pediment, on which were inscribed the following lines from Shakespeare's "Tempest":—

Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance and increasing;
Hourly joys be still upon you;
England showers her blessings on you.

A painting beneath represented Britannia surrounded by sea gods and goddesses escorting Princess Alexandra to the shores of England. The pediment was surmounted by another representation of Britannia, and on each side recumbent figures of Fame heralding the approach of the Princess. A portrait of Queen Victoria within a wreath of laurel, and with a crown above, supported by figures symbolical of Wisdom and Strength, adorned the northern front of the arch. The eight Corinthian columns on that side of the trophy supported four statues of Fame, and above the footway the Royal arms of England and Denmark were again displayed.

THE ENTRY INTO THE CITY.

When the order was given for the procession to advance, it was easy work as long as the cleared bridge had to be traversed; but scarcely had the cortege reached the Fishmongers' Hall when a halt again became necessary. The Hon. Artillery Company, looking very much like a regiment of Guards, were posted in front of the hall, and it was evidently a post of honour, for the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and others of the nobility, occupied seats on the grand platform erected against the building. Before any progress could be made the services of some mounted troops were rendered indispensable, or the Princess could not possibly have reached Windsor that night. We are pretty well acquainted with the aspect of a London mob. We have witnessed triumphal entries into London when thousands have filled the streets; but never until Saturday, March 7, 1863, have we beheld such a congregation of human beings as that which choked up the thoroughfares in the city of London. It was one dense mass of life, a solid block of flesh and blood, which had to be literally pushed back, as cotton-growers pack their cotton, until a space could be found between the line of people large enough to allow the Royal carriages to pass.

Those who accompanied the procession trembled at the sight. It seemed as if to reach the Mansion House must involve a human massacre. The chariots of the soldiers on duty, the high-mettled horses of the Royal garrisons, plunged in among the multitude, and tried to frighten them back. There were cries of fear and pain, and shouts of "Keep back! Keep back!" and swaying to and fro, before the necessary avenue could be formed; and even then the wheels of the carriages passed within a foot of the breasts of the foremost spectators. The heat thrown out by the crowd was so intense that, as you walked in the procession, it was like a vapour-bath. From ten o'clock in the morning people had been assembling, and continued to assemble so long as they could elbow their way towards London Bridge. The consequence was that, from the entrance to the bridge down to St. Paul's churchyard, there was not an inch of standing-room left. By great exertions, accompanied by the most painful anxiety, the procession crept on its way a few yards at a time, until, after about an hour's hard work, it reached the Mansion House. Here, there being more space to receive the multitude, the numbers of spectators was larger than ever. They crowded the open space in front of the Exchange; they were even jostling some distance up Cornhill and Lombard-street, the hindmost pushing their hardest to gain front positions. Standing on the pediment of the Royal Exchange, seventy feet high in the air, was a triple row of spectators. On the roof of the Bank of England; around the church-turret of St. Mildred; on, under, and around the statue of the Duke of Wellington; upon the housetops, at every window and balcony, the throngs of spectators were leaning forward to view the presentation by the Lady Mayoress of a gorgeous banquet—the third the Princess had received that day. There was no doubt that the presentation of this banquet caused all the embarrassment of the day; for, knowing that the carriage would stop for a few moments, and that a good opportunity would thus be afforded of seeing the Princess, everybody was anxious to be amongst the witnesses of the ceremony. The misfortune was that there were no police to keep order, no barriers to restrain the mob; in fact, no preparation of any kind. If the same precautions had been taken as those which are carried out at an ordinary Lord Mayor's show, the result would have been that the Princess of Denmark, instead of having to plough her way through a seething, struggling mass, would have really enjoyed something like dignity and comfort on her entry into London.

THE MANSION HOUSE.

The abode of the Lord Mayor of London had evidently been a tit-bit for the City architect to lavish all his decorative talent upon. The columns of the building were draped in crimson and gold, and wreathed with choicest flowers; the pilasters were ornamented with plumes of ostrich-feathers and rebellions of the Prince and Princess. Flags and banners were in profusion, and the balconies erected for the reception of the numerous civic guests had been attended to with all the elegance that the skill of the upholsterer could devise. These seats, which had been sought and begged for by the highest in the land, were occupied by a rich and charming mound of lovely women,

to whose beautiful faces one might almost have ascribed the presence of the mob in front of them.

CHEAPSIDE.

Looking down Cheapside, the first impression conveyed was that it was utterly hopeless and decidedly inhuman to attempt to force a passage. As long as you kept your eyes upon the houses the sight was pretty enough. There the gay toilettes of the ladies, chatting together, and looking so charmingly cool, whilst the poor foot-passenger was bathed in perspiration, were decoration enough for any Royal pageant. Our pretty women of England never looked so pretty, and it refreshed one like a glass of cold water to rest the eye on their white foreheads. Some of these fair spectators seated in the shop-fronts had been there long enough—since ten in the morning—and they had been cruelly persecuted by street boys pressing their noses against the windows and grimacing at the inmates; but, however much their feelings might have been wounded, now that the long-looked-for moment had arrived, they were all alive with curiosity and excitement, and no shopkeeper ever exposed to the public gaze a more charming assortment of the last novelties of the season. But these pretty sights were not to last long. Equestrians and policemen came rushing forward, and commanding the people to make way; and, amidst screaming and yelling, a road was cut through the living embankment. The Princess of Denmark was almost overcome by the terrors of the scene. When the foremost in the crowd were forced against the carriage wheels, she, with her delicate, weak hands tied to push them back and save them from being crushed. The horse of a Life Guardsman on duty was actually lifted off his legs by the pressure, and man and beast both disappeared among the mob as if they had sunk in water. At every step there were appeals to God for help and to man for mercy; and yet, somehow or other, the procession moved on, and little harm was done beyond squeezing and tearing of clothes. We ourselves caught our feet in a woman's skirt which had been wrenched off whilst clearing the roadway—a muddy, tattered bit of silk, but perhaps the best dress of the poor thing that lost it. The criminal trade is likely to receive a tremendous impulse as soon as business begins again; for those poor creatures that went into the City round as balloons came out again flat and hot-pressed as note-paper. Caps, boots, bonnets, hats, and coat-tails were among the sacrifices offered up to pleasure. Yet the curious thing was that, as the procession moved along, every one was inquiring of those in front in which carriage the Princess was seated, for fear they might make a mistake and cheer the wrong individual.

It was every one for himself, and those out of danger paid no more attention to the yells and supplications of the victims in the rear than a Covent-garden habitué does to the chorus of an opera. If it had not been for the anxiety one naturally felt for the sufferings of the mob and the safety of the Princess, the journey down Cheapside would have been a very beautiful one. Here the expense that had been given to in the purchase of decorations was something marvellous; for the banners, the garlands, the festoons were so thick together that there was scarcely room for the flags to wave. Some of the house fronts were one mass of artificial flowers arranged with the care and taste of a bouquet-maker. We were staring up at one of the large magazines, and trying to calculate how many guineas its windows contained, when the leg of a kicking horse, dashing out close to the leg of a human being, made us relinquish our arithmetic and look to our safety. We were near St. Paul's Church when this occurred, and there were difficulties in front of us which had to be overcome by backing some twenty mounted Life Guards among the mob, and, by the ingenious process of plunging, rearing, and charging, pack the people together flat and close as figs, so that the Royal carriages might have room enough to turn on their entry into the cathedral yard.

ST. PAUL'S.

The next point selected by the Corporation for a manifestation of their loyalty was St. Paul's churchyard. In this choice they were justified not only from the advantages afforded by the place in its possessing features that must always contribute to the success of any open-air spectacle, but also by its being historically associated with many Royal processions and other State ceremonials. There is no part of the metropolis in which a mass of people and a procession passing through the midst of them look better than from the corner of Cheapside to the top of Ludgate-hill, when they are seen from a spot that commands any considerable portion of the distance. But, apart from these considerations, important as they are, the place is connected with numerous memorable pageants and acts of public homage. Divine service was first celebrated in St. Paul's on the occasion of the rejoicings for the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, before the sacred edifice was completed. Queen Anne went there in State no less than seven times between 1702 and 1713, in thanksgiving for the victories of Marlborough. George I. attended the cathedral on his accession. George III. returned thanks there twice—on the 23rd of April, 1789, for recovery from his malady, and on the 19th of December, 1797, for the three great victories of Howe, Duncan, and St. Vincent. The last Prince of Wales was present in St. Paul's at a thanksgiving for the peace in 1814.

Very early among the arrangements for the reception of Princess Alexandra it was resolved among the various companies and the other sections of the corporate body that seats to accommodate from 10,000 to 12,000 persons should be erected in St. Paul's churchyard. That determination was carried out to the full; and on Saturday no less than 12,000 men, women, and children viewed the Royal cortege from seats placed within the iron railings that surrounded our great cathedral. The Corporation laid out about £4000 on the seats and incidental charges connected with them. It must not, however, be supposed that the seats presented anything of the appearance of street platforms or scaffolding. They were as substantial-looking as if they had been built to last a hundred years, and as handsomely fitted as the boxes of a London theatre, which, on a monster scale, they very much resembled. Some idea of the work which Mr. Bunning, the City architect, under whose superintendence they were erected, had to accomplish may be formed when it is remembered that this line of enormous boxes extended from the extreme north-east of the churchyard to its south-west corner at the top of Ludgate-hill, and that they were all put up under his supervision and that of his principal assistant, Mr. Allen, with the exception of those in front of the south entrance, which afforded accommodation for 600 occupants, and were constructed under the supervision of Mr. Penrose, the surveyor of the cathedral, by order of the Dean and Chapter. Every foot of ground thus devoted to sitting-room was roofed with timber and asphalt, and there were as many as twenty-five rows of seats rising tier above tier, where the space between the church and the railing admitted of that number. The benches, as well as the upright supports of the roof, were covered with scarlet cloth, and a rich drapery of the same material screened the exterior of the permanent balustrade. A verandah, with a richly-painted cornice, projected outwards to some distance, and on the cornice considerable taste and skill were displayed. At intervals of three or four feet it was surmounted by groups of flags. English and Danish flags preponderated; but there were flags of almost every nation under the sun. There must have been many hundreds of them. In front of the cornice, all the way round, were a succession of large plaster medallions of the Prince and Princess. Between these were a number of orange-blossom wreaths of colossal size, in keeping with the immense structure itself. The appearance of the whole elicited general and deserved admiration; and certainly it formed a splendid addition to the other decorations along the route of the procession.

The owners of the various shops all round, and of the splendid line of warehouses along the south side, displayed a lavish extent of bunting, which had an extremely fine effect. At the entrances to the churchyard from the north-east and south-west the route was spanned across by brilliant flags and streamers, and some houses had gay colours depending from every window.

The entire facade of St. Paul's school was decorated from foundation to roof, and seats were erected all along the frontage at a few feet from the flagway. Outside the schoolroom, which is on the first floor, a great balcony, roofed by the upper portico, was fitted up, and at each side less prominent balconies ran along the building. The former was occupied by the friends of the Mercers' Company; the latter

were filled with the schoolboys. The whole of the temporary work was hid in scarlet drapery. The stone pillars which support the portico were also radiant in scarlet and richly festooned with white and red roses. Bright draperies hung from the balconies and were emblazoned with the Prince of Wales's plume and the initials of his Royal Highness and Princess Alexandra. In accordance with an ancient privilege enjoyed by St. Paul's School on occasions of Royal progresses through the City, an address in Latin verse had been prepared by the High Master, Dr. Kynaston; but, in order to stop the procession, it was not presented, that ceremony being reserved for another occasion.

As early as twelve o'clock the crowd in the churchyard was enormous, and from that time down to the arrival of the procession, the people continued to pour in by the thousand. At two o'clock it was blocked up by a densely-packed mass such as had never before been seen round St. Paul's. And not only was every inch of standing room in the street covered, with the exception of the narrow space left for the expected carriages—not only were all the windows commanding even the most distant view of the churchyard filled with rows of eager heads—but the rooftops of the houses on the north side of the cathedral were as thronged as the roadway itself. Above the lofty warehouses along the south side of the churchyard, positions on chimney-stacks, at an elevation of some 10 ft. or 12 ft. above the coping-stones, were slowly extended for after the roofs would hold no more. Along Aldersgate-street, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and Newgate-street on the one side, and Cannon-street and Watling street on the other, omnibuses and cabs were pressed into the service at incredible prices, and their roofs converted into platforms on which women and children scrambled at the risk of breaking their legs and arms. The appearance of the whole pageant as the procession turned in from Cheapside and deiled round the cathedral was truly gorgeous and imposing.

After the arrival of the Lord Mayor there was a painful suspense of about five minutes before the Royal equipages came in sight; but this only redoubled the excitement when the volunteers at the Peal statue were seen preparing to present arms, and the cry was raised, "They are coming!" Even then loyalty had not reached the boiling point, for it was known that five carriages were to arrive before that in which the Prince and Princess were seated. Respectful demonstrations were made in favour of the occupants of each of the Royal carriages; but the scene that took place when the personages of the day came in view was one of the most extraordinary in the whole route of their Royal Highnesses. Every bay of the many thousands seated round the glorious edifice that presented itself to the admiring eyes of the Princess spring to her feet, a myriad of handkerchiefs were waved simultaneously, the boys of St. Paul's School gave "the cheer," and the exuberant joy of the multitudes in the streets, in windows, and on the rooftops broke forth in deafening cheers that the roar of artillery would scarcely have drowned, and which were kept up till the Royal party had passed into

LUDGATE-HILL AND FLEET-STREET.

which looked splendid as the procession descended from St. Paul's. There was not much room for outdoor scaffolding in either, but every inch of window and roof room did duty on the occasion, and the display of flags in Fleet-street especially was not surpassed by that of any other street in London. The 4th corps of London Volunteers were stationed at the corners of Farringdon-street and New Bridge-street. Here also were stationed one hundred men of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, accompanied by their band, whose performance was loudly cheered. Farringdon-street and New Bridge-street were blocked with vehicles of all kinds, from which, as well as from the windows in these thoroughfares, countless numbers strained to catch a view of the procession. The bells of St. Bride's and St. Dunstan's rang merry peals. In front of the former church a balcony was erected, and very large stands were placed at each side of St. Dunstan's. The drapery on these bore the inscription "Welcome, Rose of Denmark." There was a maze of flags and streamers in Fleet-street, and the road and foot-paths were spanned by garlands innumerable. One large banner was inscribed with "Welcome to your English Home." Not a foot of window room was unoccupied in this great highway of metropolitan traffic. Tiers of seats were raised behind all the shop windows, both in Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street; and as for the crowds on foot, they were such as could only have been assembled in London, and as never had collected before even in this greatest of the world's cities.

At the west end of Fleet-street terminated the City jurisdiction, and here the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, civic functionaries, and the Corporations turned up Chancery-lane, resigning the post of honour to the authorities of Westminster, who were in waiting at Temple Bar to receive the Royal cortege.

TEMPLE BAR.

Temple Bar, as everybody knows, separates the city of London from the city of Westminster. As one of the most conspicuous objects on the route of the procession, and as offering peculiar facilities for an effective display, the civic authorities resolved to decorate it in a manner worthy the occasion. The result of their labours, if not exactly calculated to please all tastes, was, at all events, sufficiently striking and gorgeous. Under the superintendence of the City architect, cunning workmen had succeeded in putting a new face upon an old friend, and in so altering his whole appearance as to make recognition exceedingly difficult. The massive gates had been retained, and the general outline of the new creation called up a dim recollection of the ancient edifice as it came from the hands of Wren, but there the resemblance ended. From top to bottom all was changed. The lower parts were swathed in coloured cloth, decorated with fringes and tassels, so that not an inch of the masonry was visible. Above the centre of the middle arch were placed medallions, purporting to be portraits of the Prince and Princess, in white stucco; but it would have required an active imagination, backed by no small amount of faith, to trace any likeness to the originals. Broad pieces of cloth of gold, stiff with metal, were drawn over the body of the structure, and so arranged on each side of the centre window as to represent the front of a pavilion. The heavy folds were adorned here and there with two hearts in crimson velvet, bound together with blue ribbons and inclosed in a wreath of green leaves. Of course the well-known statues which have looked down with their stony eyes upon so many strange scenes were entirely concealed from view, but in their stead two gilt figures appeared in a sitting posture at the spot where the cloth of gold, parted and drawn aside, seemed to give admission to the interior of the tent. The united arms of England and Denmark, surmounted by a crown and surrounded by a golden wreath of bay-leaves, were displayed at the top of the pavilion. Higher up rose the pediment, its middle or flat portion filled in with cloth of a reddish-purple hue, and inclosed in an elaborately-carved cornice in white and gold. The device chosen for the cornice was the letter "A," which stands for both Albert and Alexandra, encircled by a wreath of flowers. On the summit of the pediment, with its head towering far above the roofs of the houses on each side, stood a white statue of Hymen, who, armed with his torch, seemed eager to celebrate the nuptial rite. At each angle of the building was a tripod burning incense, while over the posterns were white altars beautifully equipped and angels holding bunches of orange blossoms.

So attractive an object as this, standing in such a prominent position, could not fail to draw together an immense crowd of spectators. The crush at this point, indeed, was all the morning something wonderful. Vast multitudes flocked thither from all directions; and it seemed as if nobody could go anywhere without first paying a visit to Temple Bar. From the west came long lines of carriages, which after bowling along the Strand merrily enough, were suddenly brought to a dead stop at the City boundary. Here they remained motionless for a time, which enabled their occupants to take a rather prolonged view of the decorations; but eventually they were allowed to drift through the gate way, and their progress down Fleet-street might be measured by inches. A Cabinet Minister was detained for nearly an hour in one spot, and his was by no means an exceptional case. The throng of pedestrians was equally great. Such continued to be the state of things for hours on the east side of Temple Bar. The police, it is true, made some feeble attempts in the course of the forenoon to clear a passage for the

procession; but they might as well have tried to stop the advance of the tide. They were far too few in number to be able to cope with that great, heaving crowd. The flow of vehicles gradually lessened, indeed, and ultimately ceased altogether; but then the whole street was seized by the people on foot, and so matters became rather worse than before.

It was otherwise west of Temple Bar. There the metropolitan police mustered in greater force, and, aided by a detachment of the Blues, succeeded at an early hour in clearing a large open space between the Bar and the Church of St. Clement Danes. The authorities of Westminster and Middlesex quietly assembled in the Strand near Temple Bar, where, without bustle or confusion, they were marshalled in processional order, so as to be ready to receive the Princess whenever she emerged from the City. At the head of the line thus formed rode the Deputy-Lieutenants of Middlesex, twenty in number, in their scarlet coats and cocked hats. The parochial authorities of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (the Royal parish in which Buckingham Palace, the birthplace of the Prince of Wales, is situated) followed in a couple of carriages. Next came a carriage occupied by Sir De Lacy Evans, one of the members for Westminster, whose numerous medals and orders were half concealed by the folds of a greatcoat. Sir John Shelley, the other member, rode by the side of his colleague on a spirited charger; he wore a volunteer uniform. A carriage drawn by four iron greys, with postillions in liveries of blue velvet, was occupied by the Rector and churchwardens of St. Clement Danes. Then followed several shabby coaches containing the members of the ancient Court of Burgesses, a rather mysterious body, who appeared in blue robes with black velvet facings, and wearing, suspended by a blue ribbon from their necks, something which each gentleman had taken great care to conceal behind his waistcoat. The Burgesses were succeeded by the High Bailiff, the Deputy High Steward, and the High Constable, with the mace. Last of all, in the only well-appointed carriage, came the Duke of Buccleuch as the Lord High Steward of Westminster; he was accompanied by the Dean. Close to Temple Bar a deputation of the Middlesex magistracy was drawn up on one side of the street, whilst immediately in front of them, occupying the middle of the road, stood a brilliant group of horsemen, consisting of the Marquis of Salisbury (Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex), Lord Enfield, and a number of cavalry officers.

Things were in this position when a dull and prolonged roar ascending Fleet-street, and the fluttering of innumerable hats and handkerchiefs from the windows of the houses at the bend below Fetter-lane, announced the approach of the Royal procession. All eyes were now directed eastwards, and in a few minutes the banners and devices of the various City companies—for, in consequence of the great crowd which filled Fleet-street, nothing else was visible—were observed making a sharp turn to the north and disappearing in Chancery-lane. When the whole had gone out of sight there was a short pause, as if the Royal carriages had been left behind, which, indeed, was the case; but at length a louder and nearer cheer broke upon the ear, and the cavalry escort was seen involved among the surging masses of people like a ship in a storm at sea. A final effort was now made by the City police and a handful of Hussars to form an avenue to Temple Bar, but with no better success than before. The few policemen on the spot were lost in the vast crowd, while their military allies could scarcely find standing-room for their horses. As the cavalcade slowly ploughed its way up Fleet-street, amid the most enthusiastic cheers, the foremost portions of the mob were driven with great violence against Temple Bar, and attempted to force a passage to the comparatively quiet haven beyond. Here, however, a section of metropolitan police met them in hostile array; a desperate struggle ensued, and, although a few contrived to fight their way through the narrow gorge, the main body were unable to make the slightest impression on the obstacles opposed to them. Meanwhile the Royal carriages approached nearer and nearer, advancing an inch at a time, and first one and then another passed slowly into the Strand, each separated by a long interval from the one next to it. Last of all, winding up the procession, came the carriage occupied by the Prince and Princess. It was preceded by a squadron of the Life Guards, and was hemmed in on both sides by a cheering and enthusiastic multitude. The moment it reached Temple Bar the police drew aside, and the next instant it was seen entering along towards St. Clement's Church, in the wake of the Westminster and Middlesex authorities, who by this time had moved off. Now came the tug of war. In order to protect the rear of the procession, a detachment of the Blues threw themselves across the mouth of the Strand, and the police again formed line under Temple Bar.

THE STRAND AND TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

If the city of Westminster, not having a wealthy Corporation to conduct its affairs, was unable to produce any of those decorations on a large scale which were to be seen in the city of London, its inhabitants, individually, did not fail to give abundant and emphatic proof of their loyalty by decking out their shops and dwellings in the most brilliant gala trappings. The fronts of the houses were lavishly festooned with garlands of artificial flowers; balconies and galleries were hung with crimson cloth; flags of all shapes and hues fluttered in bewildering variety from the housetops, from the windows on the upper stories, and from long lines stretched across the street from one side to the other. The popular colours were naturally the red and white of the Dannebrog, and the red, white, and blue of the union jack, while the popular emblems were the cross of Denmark and the lions of the Prince of Wales. In some cases, however, the decorators, being afraid, perhaps, lest the general public should not be able to interpret the symbols, and anxious that there should be no mistake as to their sentiments, found expression for them in inscriptions so large and conspicuous that those who ran could read.

On the whole, it must be owned that there was somewhat of monotony in the devices, and there were not wanting cases in which it was painfully apparent that the loyal demonstration was only a flimsy pretext for an attractive advertisement; but in the Strand, as elsewhere along the whole route, the most impressive feature in the aspect of the streets was not so much the temporary embellishments bestowed on them as the dense throng of people who turned out to make holiday. The show, in fact, mainly consisted of the spectators, and to accommodate this vast multitude every inch of available space was turned to the fullest account. Tiers of gaily-dressed ladies supplanted the usual pickle-jars, groceries, millinery, and other wares in the shop-fronts. Doorways and passages were barricaded with seats. As many heads were thrust through each window as it would possibly admit, and there was no parapet or pinnacle of the roofs, no matter how high or narrow, which was not scaled by some enterprising climber, if it only afforded a footing and a view of the procession.

The two churches of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand were each walked about with spacious galleries, accommodating about 2000 people, and adorned with flags, evergreens, and crimson cloth. The former of these two churches has a special interest in connection with the proceedings of Saturday, for it recalls the old days when the Danes left their mark on English history. It is understood to date its origin from the time when the Danish power in this country was overthrown. A number of Danes, having married English women, and thus formed family ties, were exempted from the general banishment of their countrymen, but only on condition that they confined themselves to the tract of ground between Thorney Island, on which Westminster Abbey now stands, and Ludgate. They accordingly formed a little settlement in that quarter, and built a place of worship, which, when consecrated, received the designation of the Church of St. Clement of the Danes.

The entrances to King's College and Somerset House were also blocked up by galleries, and the vestibules of the theatres in the Strand were transformed into private boxes for the nonce. Further west large and lofty galleries were erected in front of the gaps on the south side of the Strand caused by the railway demolitions. These structures, which were somewhat fantastic in shape and glaring in decoration, were at least serviceable in hiding from the eye the rent walls and ugly heaps of ruin at their back. The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was included on several sides by scaffolding for the accommodation of spectators, and a considerable number of persons also clustered on the roof. An immense banner extended across the

street, bearing the words "The Parishioners of St. Martin's welcome their future Princess." Trafalgar-square, of course, attracted a vast concourse of people; but, as the route of the procession lay along the upper instead of the lower edge of the square, only a small number of persons obtained a view of the sight compared with those who might have been gratified in that way had the arrangement been reversed. As it was, all the points of vantage ground, such as the base of the Nelson Column and the pedestals of the other statues, were covered with patient crowds from a little after noon. The upper terrace was also densely thronged. No effort was made to clear the roadway until a short time before the procession was due, and when the mounted constables and Life Guards at length attempted to do so a scene of great confusion occurred. The unfortunate front ranks of the crowd were continually charged by the police in front and thrust forward by the people behind, who were increasing in numbers and growing more violent in their pressure. The conflict of these diverse interests and forces lasted until the procession was almost in sight. For those, however, who were not in danger of having their ribs broken, and could survey the scene calmly from a comfortable seat, the dense mass of beings in the square was a very imposing mass.

For an hour or two about noon the crowds in the Strand were entertained with a review of a number of the volunteer regiments, as they marched to the rendezvous in Hyde Park. The crack corps—such as the Inns of Court, the London Scottish, and the Civil Service—were loudly cheered. By about half-past one, however, the volunteers had all gone by, and there was a sad dearth of amusement for the next hour or two.

After getting out of the City the procession made its way more comfortably and alertly, but it did not reach Trafalgar-square until nearly a quarter past four.

PALL-MALL.

In Pall-mall, which the procession next entered, preparations had been made for its reception with as much diligence as in the great thoroughfares through which it had just passed. No house on each side of the street was left undecorated, and no window unoccupied. The palatial buildings with which it is so thickly studded were dressed up in the brightest colours. Crimson and scarlet were, as elsewhere, the prevailing hues; but there were other colours too, by which these were relieved, at frequent intervals. The blue and white of the handsome balcony which ran in front of the Carlton Clubhouse distinguished it from its neighbours. A profusion of laurel-leaves served the same purpose for one or two private houses. The War Office was draped all over with folds of crimson and white cloth, and in the courtyard before it were erected tiers of benches capable of holding some hundreds of persons. A balcony in front of Marlborough House—the future residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales—furnished similar accommodation. As at the Carlton, spacious balconies were constructed in front of the Admiralty, the Travellers', the Reform, the Army and Navy, and the other clubhouses. Nor were they long untenanted on Saturday morning. Ladies, for whose accommodation chiefly they were provided, began to take possession of them shortly after eleven o'clock, and were set down by carriages at the clubhouse doors in one unbroken stream up to not very long before the procession arrived. When they had taken their seats, and the vast crowd which thronged the streets was confined within proper limits on each side by the police, Pall-mall looked proudly gay indeed. It is the site of some of the noblest edifices of which London can boast. Nor were the adjuncts of the scene unworthy the places or the occasion. It was the centre to which mainly, for the moment, all that is most distinguished in the social and political life of the metropolis was attracted. Bright banners—on most of which words of welcome were traced—fluttered about from one end of it to the other; still brighter wreaths of flowers hung beside them in graceful festoons, but more brilliant in its effect than either flowers or banners was the infinite variety of colour of the dresses in which some thousands of the female aristocracy of England were arrayed. A detachment of the Coldstream Guards lined the street in front of the Duke of York's Column. Another was placed immediately opposite St. James's Palace. Nor, while the eye found much to rest upon with pleasure, was there wanting throughout the morning music to delight the ear. Numerous regiments of volunteers marched through the street between eleven and one o'clock on their way to Hyde Park, and enlivened the air with their martial strains. During all this time a crowd, which was gradually growing greater by hundreds and thousands, had gathered together in every available spot in Pall-mall and its approaches from which a glimpse of the procession could be obtained. From Her Majesty's Theatre, the balconies of which were tastefully ornamented and filled with ladies, along the whole way to St. James's, dense files of eager spectators lined the street from pavement to housetop; and from pavement to housetop, from window and balcony, was Princess Alexandra warily welcomed as she passed. The people in the street cheered her long and loudly, and innumerable handkerchiefs waved in the air conveyed to her the cordial greetings of the fair occupants of the balconies. The procession wheeled from Pall-mall into St. James's-street, where it still encountered the gaze of thousands equally eager to catch a glimpse of it as were those whom it had just passed. Here, as in Pall-mall, most of the clubhouses are provided with balconies, of which ladies were almost exclusively the tenants. Here, too, the display of flags, banners, and decorations of all descriptions was quite as profuse, and the reception accorded to the Royal party not less enthusiastic.

PICCADILLY.

This long and spacious thoroughfare was not so profusely decorated as Pall Mall, yet it possessed an interest of its own from the mansions of the nobility with which it is interspersed. Cambridge House, the residence of the Premier, was the chief object of attraction, and a dense crowd assembled to view the procession from this point and to witness the greetings which could scarcely fail to take place between the Royal party and the distinguished occupant of the mansion. Lady Palmerston took her seat at an early hour upon a low temporary balcony just raised above the wall of the courtyard, and watched with great interest the successive regiments of volunteers that marched down Piccadilly with bands playing to take up their position in Hyde Park. A slight shower of rain afterwards compelled her to withdraw; but shortly before the arrival of the Royal procession Lord and Lady Palmerston, accompanied by the Duke of Somerset, the Marquis d'Azeglio, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lady Jocelyn, and other friends, took their seats in the centre of the balcony. The Premier, who appeared to be buoyant with good humour and animal spirits, was received with loud cheers by the crowd, whose salutations, both now and subsequently, he acknowledged with great courtesy.

Having given this prominence to the residence of the Prime Minister, we shall ask the reader to accompany us along the route taken by the procession from St. James's-street to Apsley House and Hyde Park. The view down St. James's-street from Piccadilly was superb. In front of Devonshire House, along the entire length of the wall between the two entrance-gates, a range of seats was erected, covered with scarlet cloth, and protected from the weather. About three hundred of the Duke's friends were here accommodated, among whom were Lord Carlisle, Lady Taunton, and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. The balconies of Miss Burdett Coutts's house, at the corner of Stratton-street, were tastefully draped with red and white. Bath House, the residence of Lord Ashburton, had a staging covered with crimson cloth, fluted with white and purple ribbon, and decorated with choice plants. Among the visitors were Lord Devon and Sir Roderick Murchison. Coventry House, occupied by the Comte de Flahault, the late French Ambassador, was ornamented after the Italian fashion by a brilliant display of costly carpets and shawls. The Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, Earl Russell, the Marquis and Marchioness de Cadore, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and many others, were upon the balcony. The House of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, M.P., was neatly decorated. Gloucester House, occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, at the corner of Park-lane, exhibited a superb Prince of Wales's plume in glass drops, while the pillars of the balcony were wreathed with evergreens. Below the drawing-room windows were four flags—two Danish and two containing the Prince of Wales's plume. Sir Edward Kerrison's

mansion, at the corner of Hamilton-place, was most gaily decorated. Mauve, yellow, and crimson draperies, looped up with white and red roses, extended from the drawing-room windows to the ground floor, and flags of all colours floated from the windows. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord and Lady Stanhope, and Lord and Lady Castlereagh found a place on this balcony. But the most beautifully decorated mansion in Piccadilly was that of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, in Hamilton-place. A line of flags of all nations, like a ship's bunting on a gala day, flew from the roof to the outer palisades. A flag waved from each window, and the balcony pillars were tastefully wreathed with holly and laurel. The front of the house was hung with drapery divided into three compartments. The centre, of white satin and gold, contained the Star and the Order of the Garter; the two side compartments were of blue satin studded with gold stars. The effect was very gay and cheerful. A scaffolding, covered with red drapery, was erected in front of the unfinished mansion of Baron Rothschild, and provided accommodation for a large party of visitors. The next and last mansion on the Piccadilly line of route, Apsley House, was appropriately, though not gorgeously, decorated; but the triumphal arch forming the entrance into the Green Park, surmounted by Wyatt's colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, and, on the other side of the road, Apsley House and the handsome entrances into Hyde Park formed a fine terminal point for the procession as it turned into the park.

The approach of the procession was notified by an increase of pressure at the junction of Albemarle-street and Piccadilly. Hundreds of persons, after seeing the cortège pass Trafalgar-square, made a rush up the Haymarket and across Leicester-square, and threw themselves upon the crowd in Piccadilly. The 2nd Life Guards, who kept the ground along Piccadilly, in vain endeavoured to stem the current. They were reinforced by some of the mounted police; but were at length obliged to charge the crowd rather roughly, and to use the flat sides of their sabres before they could drive the people back. Order was, however, soon restored, and the cortège, so long desired and awaited, slowly wound into Piccadilly from St. James's-street.

The carriages containing the burgesses and other officials of Westminster excited a very moderate amount of emotion on the part of the crowd; but the moment the Royal carriages came in sight a spontaneous and hearty cheer sprang from the lips of the spectators. This was succeeded by a gaze of quickened curiosity and followed by a murmur of admiration as the fair young face, flushed with pleasure and delight, sought by turns every portion of the crowded thoroughfare. At Devonshire House the Princess exchanged many graceful courtesies with the titled personages there assembled. Yet she by no means neglected the humbler classes, who filled the footways on both sides. At Cambridge House, the pace of the Royal carriage, slow as it was, was moderated in order to enable the Royal party to exchange friendly and almost individual salutations with the Premier and his friends. The Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, and Prince Christian joined in these courtesies with marked affability, and the Royal salutations were of course returned with *empressment* by Lord and Lady Palmerston and their friends. The pleasure which this recognition gave to all parties was instinctively felt by an English crowd, and the cheering at this moment was deafening. Earl Russell, the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, Comte de Flahault, and the party at Coventry House also shared in the special attentions of the Princess and the Royal party. Another mansion honoured with a distinct recognition was that of the Duke of Cambridge, where the Duchess and Princess Mary waved their handkerchiefs. So far as it was possible, the Princess appeared to wish to thank every unit in the vast assemblage for coming out to see and welcome her. Blessings involuntarily rose to the lips of rich and poor as she passed; and thus gracious, smiling, giving and receiving pleasure amid a running and ever-renewed roll and current of hearty English cheering, the Princess passed into Hyde Park, to enjoy the imposing spectacle which there awaited her.

HYDE PARK.

At Hyde Park-corner the procession entered on a novel phase. It had wound its way so far beneath the forest of steeples, of public buildings, of clubs and merchant palaces, with their undergrowth of private dwellings and galleries erected for the occasion. The Princess had been welcomed with naval, military, and civic greetings, with the voice of ships at sea, the joyous clamour of multitudes on shore, the deep reverences of England's capital, with every emblem of loyalty and love which taste could suggest or expenditure achieve. Affecting as the different stages of this reception must have been, so far the Princess Alexandra had only seen in a heightened degree what she might have witnessed had her lot been cast with the heir to any other of the great European thrones.

But in Hyde Park a spectacle awaited her which is not to be viewed beyond the free soil of England. An army of 17,000 men, representing all arms of the service, marched to that green sward, as they had done once before, to prove their fidelity and zeal to the Royal House of England. Among the units of that vast array there was not one with whom arms was a profession. The members of every corps—citizen and provincial—left their homes and ordinary pursuits that morning and returned to them again that evening. In the interval, it is true, they were soldiers, whose efficiency appeared in their collective bearing not less than in the records of official inspections. But they were something more than military machines—motive power other than their own good will might have tried in vain to mass them where they stood. According to the official programme 14,000 men were to have been brigaded within the inclosures at two o'clock, but at half-past two battalions were still pouring through the several gates allotted to their entrance, and in such strength that the conjectural returns of the previous day were exceeded in the aggregate by 3000 men. The Inns of Court Volunteers, whose punctuality has never failed, were first to arrive: they were on the ground a little earlier than one o'clock. An interval elapsed before the other corps approached, but when they did present themselves they came in a living tide. The inclosure into which their march was directed consisted of a large space of ground marked out by iron railings, and extending from near the statue of Achilles to the road in front of the Marble Arch. It is not easy to say to which of them, next to the Inns of Court, the credit of precision in their attendance is to be given; but the Middlesex batteries of Artillery, constituting a noble body 800 strong, were probably first in getting into position. They brought with them eight 18-pounder guns of position, drawn by some of Pickford's finest draught-horses, and handled these huge weapons as if they were so many wheelbarrows. The 48th Middlesex (Havlock's), several of the Surrey corps, the Civil Service, the London Scottish, the London Irish, and other well-known regiments followed in rapid succession, and the spectators—as we have after wave of men surged onwards and passed them by and the hum of advancing music heralded the approach of fresh contingents—began to doubt the possibility of finding space for the vast host within the limits of the inclosure. The police, to do them justice, prevented everyone from entering but those who were entitled to do so. Many a man who had accompanied a regiment on its march along the streets, through the courtesy of friends, who allowed him to fill up a vacant space in one of the "fours," was fished out at the critical moment. Many a mounted friend of the Staff officers experienced a similar check on the threshold of the inclosure; and apparently the only persons in plain clothes who succeeded in passing the searching police filter were those who had obtained leave to carry the big drum. In order to make the most of the available space, and to facilitate the formation of the line, a general order had been issued limiting the strength of companies to a maximum of 32 files and a minimum of 24 files. Officers accompanying the regiments were also restricted to the regulation allowance—namely, three for each company; but those who were thus excluded from the ranks were allowed by way of compensation to enter the inclosure as spectators. The distribution of brigades was conducted on a principle analogous to that which obtains in many streets of modern erection—that is to say, all the odd numbers were placed on one side of the avenue through which the Royal cortège was to pass, and all the even numbers on the other. The secret of this arrangement lay in the desire to group the masses, as far as possible, according to colour, and to keep the neutral tints of the uniforms distinct from more decided shades. Hence, at one



THE RECEPTION OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA—THE LADY MAYORESS



THE PRINCESS WITH A BOUQUET IN FRONT OF THE MANSION HOUSE.

side, the military barrier paled from the dusky hue of the Civil Service to the light grey of Oxford University; and the corresponding line at the opposite, which began with flaming scarlet, cooled through intermediate hues of blue and green to cold and sombre black. The total force present amounted to 17,000 men, and was divided into eight brigades.

One or two amusing incidents occurred among the volunteers. Shortly after the whole force was massed upon the ground a great cloud of fluttering pieces of paper floated up into the air, and alighted in masses on the ground, which was literally covered by this singular carpeting. The explanation of this was simple enough. The gallant citizen-soldiers were taking refreshment, and the papers floating about so thickly were the bags in which their sandwiches had been brought to the field. A little later a dense cloud of smoke rose over the ranks, and it seemed for a moment that a real emission of warlike vapour had proceeded from the ranks of the volunteers; but the smoke was not that of powder, but of tobacco, not much less than 17,000 cigars and pipes having been lighted almost simultaneously.

The force was opened out into line shortly before half-past three o'clock. It was not, as usual, two, but four deep; and even with this arrangement, which practically represented eight lines of the equators of a mile in length, there was not a vacant space into which another battalion could have been crowded. This calculation of course refers only to volunteers, and excludes the public, who were here, as at every other part of the route, in overwhelming numbers. What they saw or hoped to see beyond the assembling of the volunteers it is difficult to conjecture, for they were kept by the police and a troop of the 18th Hussars full fifty yards beyond the railings, and when the avenue of volunteers was formed the troops were, of course, between the public and the Royal equipages. As a matter of course, numbers of women were in the front row, indifferent, with few exceptions, to the dangerous proximity of the iron railings; and, equally, of course, they had on their most distended garments. The monotony of waiting and watching the weather, which held out gallantly long after it seemed that torrents were inevitable, was relieved by occasional onslaughts on the occupants of the trees, who had climbed to heights dangerous to themselves and all below. Incited to action, doubtless, by the presence of the First Commissioner of Works, one or two active constables ascended in pursuit of hardy recusants who had set the authorities at defiance. One of these was torn down literally piecemeal, so far as his clothes were concerned; but as the place of the ejected was always occupied sevenfold by others, and as the conflicts in mid air were more detrimental to the trees than any amount of peaceful occupation could have been, the struggle was abandoned, and hundreds remained peaceably aloft, keeping watch for the first glimpse of the procession.

At last, as half-past four drew nigh, the human rookery in the trees exhibited symptoms of excitement, and announced that the procession was coming in sight. The glad tidings that the cortege was at last in view were received by the multitude with positive relief, for during the day alarming accounts of "stoppages at London Bridge" and of "accidents at the Mansion House" had reached the Park, and an urgent request for cavalry was forwarded to Colonel M'Murdo by a commander of volunteers in the City, who stated that if assistance was not promptly dispatched his corps could not hold their ground, and the lives of five hundred men would be imperilled.

The space immediately within the series of arches and balustrades which gives admission to the park was kept by a guard of honour consisting of the first battalion Scots Fusilier Guards and a squadron of the 18th Hussars. This military cordon, displaying to advantage the architectural features of the arches, formed, at the moment the procession entered, a framework to one of the most picturesque tableaux in the day's proceedings. The Westminster authorities dropped off at this point, and only the six Royal carriages entered the Park. When the first of these passed into the inclosure a loud and ringing cheer was raised, which redoubled when in the fifth carriage a slight and graceful female figure was distinguished, and by many mistaken for the Princess. But the presence of the Prince of Wales in the sixth carriage leaving no room for doubt as to the identity of his fair companion, the flood-gates of enthusiasm were loosened. It seemed for a moment to be snowing white handkerchiefs, so general and so violent was the agitation of these emblems. The cortege passed at a walking pace between the double line of volunteers, and when the glittering train had passed, sufficient testimony to the beauty of the Princess and to the interest her presence excited was afforded by the universal admission of officers and men that they felt "awfully jealous" whenever she bowed to the other side, and not to them. The procession ultimately passed out of the Park by the Marble Arch, where another guard of honour, consisting of the 2nd battalion of Grenadier Guards, was stationed. The local authorities of Marylebone and Paddington preceded the Royal party from this point to the Great Western terminus, in the same manner that the dignitaries of Westminster had previously conducted it through that portion of their jurisdiction traversed by the route. During its progress along the intermediate thoroughfares, the procession was hailed with the same enthusiastic greetings as in other quarters of the metropolis, and passed under two triumphal arches, in the erection of which considerable expense had been incurred.

THE RAILWAY STATION AT PADDINGTON.

The arrangements within the Great Western Railway station at Paddington were most complete and satisfactory. The Royal reception-rooms, the entrance to which is immediately opposite the steps in Eastbourne-terrace, had been entirely renovated and redecored for this occasion in the most chaste style.

A variety of beautiful plants in flower tastefully ornamented the reception apartments. The inner vestibule opens to the platform, and here arrangements were made for the comfortable accommodation of 2000 ladies and gentlemen who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission to witness the departure of the Prince and Princess, a central space of between 30 ft. and 40 ft. square on the departure-platform, immediately communicating with the reception-rooms, being reserved for the unobstructed passage of the Royal party, with their retinue, to the train. Five commodious and substantial galleries were erected, two across the platform and one on each side, extending the whole length of the station downwards. To give every one a full view of the proceedings it had been considerably contrived that the train should leave, not by the usual departure but by the arrival platform, so that the Royal party had to walk from the reception-rooms across the down platform and pass by a broad bridge which spanned the line to the arrival platform before they could reach their carriage; and this arrangement afforded the means for the erection of another gallery extending over the line to the right of the gangway, and also for the accommodation of a number of more select visitors, who had chairs assigned them on both sides and level with the gangway.

The station was decorated with wreaths of flowers, evergreens, and a profusion of flags and banners. Opposite the Royal reception-rooms was hung the Royal standard, the Danish flag, the Greek flag, and a variety of union jacks. The platforms and gangway were covered with rich scarlet Brussels carpet. The galleries were lined inside and out with scarlet cloth.

At five minutes past three o'clock the guard of honour, consisting of a company of the Grenadier Guards, under the command of Sir Charles Russell, entered the station, the band playing a favourite march.

At five minutes past five the arrival of the Royal cortege was announced by the loud cheers of the crowd assembled outside, and all within the station instantly rose from their seats and remained uncovered. The directors and officials were all prompt at their appointed posts. Mr. Saunders, the secretary, received their Royal Highnesses and conducted them through the outer vestibule into the State reception-rooms. Meanwhile the Royal attendants, in scarlet liveries, proceeded along the gangway to the train, and in a few moments the Prince of Wales, leading Princess Alexandra, was conducted across the platform to the Royal carriage, the guard of honour presenting arms and the band playing the National Anthem. The appearance of their Royal Highnesses was the signal for a loud and universal acclaim of joyous welcome, which the Prince and the Princess acknowledged with the most gracious and graceful cordiality.

They took their seats, with the Royal relatives of the Princess, in the State compartment of the saloon carriage, their retinue taking seats in the next carriage and several of the directors in the coupe, amid protracted cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

At fifteen minutes past five, the train, which was driven by the Earl of Caithness, and Mr. Gooch, the locomotive superintendent of the line, slowly left the station, the bands playing "God Save the Queen" and the Danish Anthem; while the enthusiastic shouts of the joyous assemblage seemed to re-echo the prayer,—

That all that can make up the glory
Of good and great may fill their story.

SLOUGH.

The journey from Paddington to Slough was accomplished in about thirty minutes; the same manifestations of sympathy and loyalty being observable on the western as on the eastern side of the metropolis. At Hanwell, the inmates of the asylum were out in full force with their hand and banners—made happy by participation in the joy of the day. It was nearly five o'clock when the train reached Slough, when, to the surprise of all, it was found that rain had been falling heavily for some hours. Here Lord Carrington, as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Buckingham, was in waiting to receive the Prince and Princess, who graciously acknowledged his presence. The Crown Prince of Prussia, with Prince Louis of Hesse, and Princes Arthur and Leopold, had come over from Windsor some time previously to meet the Royal party. Their Royal Highnesses having exchanged salutations very cordially, the illustrious party entered the Queen's pony carriages and drove off to Windsor Castle amid the acclamations of a great crowd of spectators.

The Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra were seated in the first carriage, while the other four were occupied by the rest of the Royal party. On leaving the station the Royal cortege, preceded by their escort, proceeded through Slough underneath the two elegant arches which had been erected over the road at the entrance and on the outskirts of the village. They were welcomed at every turn by the cheers of the assembled spectators. Along the Slough-road the carriages were enabled to proceed at a smart pace, rendered necessary by the inclemency of the weather, the rain pouring down in one incessant shower, and by the lateness of the hour.

ETON.

It was hardly to be expected that the Eton boys would content themselves with the cold "Gratulations Etona" of their arch as a welcome to Princess Alexandra. If any one for a moment supposed so he must soon have learnt otherwise when he saw the determination with which they mustered in front of the college, despite a very heavy fall of rain. "Beavers" were the order of the day—every Eton boy wears a hat, from the very smallest—and it is well that beavers are aquatic, or they would most certainly have declined to face the torrent.

The road on the college side was occupied by the masters (with their families) and the boys who do not belong to the rifle corps, which was to keep the road on the other side, in front of the handsome boarding-houses which here, combined with the college, give the route an ancient grandeur very pleasant to behold.

Presently, preceded by a band of fifes and drums playing spirit-stirring strains, out marched the volunteers to take up their position. They stepped out briskly, in their becoming grey uniform, with its Cambridge-blue facings, halted—marking time—faced to the left, fixed bayonets, and stood, about four hundred strong, in two lines, fronting the college. They showed signs of good drilling, and behaved very well, and their officers were most officer-like—in particular their Captain, who gave the word of command like an old soldier. It must have been cold work, standing in the rain as they did for more than an hour, while darkness gathered in, and the lamps of the illuminations began to glimmer like glow-worms among the evergreens. No doubt many of the young warriors envied the freedom of their schoolfellows over the way who could indulge in putting their hands in their pockets. As the minutes passed, it was possible to see along the line, here and there, some more fidgety member of the corps enlivening his time by tickling a neighbour with the point of his bayonet, or snapping his rifle and then looking round to see who did it.

The boys on the college side of the road were "chaffing" the police very amicably, and laughing and pushing whenever the mounted constables barked those sagacious horses of theirs, that never seem to tread on any one, against them. There was a laugh, too, at times when the watermen, in resplendent blue coats, silver badges, and white ducks, went by. Their faces in work-a-day clothes were familiar to the lads in many a pull up and down the river; and they did not appear comfortable, and consequently looked ridiculous, in their holiday wear. Nobody could well resist a smile at the white ducks dabbling in the rain; and it was impossible to repress risibility when one saw that wondrous incongruity—a waterman carrying an open umbrella!

By this time the arch was blazing with all its lamps and the college glittering with fiery tracery. The effect was capital. At length Inspector Clarke, of the Bucks constabulary, galloped up on his white charger, and the scene woke to bustle and preparation. The ring of the Life Guards' accoutrements was heard, and the advanced guard trotted through the arch, their horses rearing and plunging when the Ensigns of the Eton Corps lowered their colours to the loyal carriage, which now drove up.

The cheers, musical and clear, for they were chiefly boys who shouted, echoed and re-echoed again and again. The corps presented arms, cheering all the while, and doubled off alongside the carriage, into which, with unwelcome but necessary celerity, the Provost had handed his addresses.

Thus the fair Princess passed before England's great public school, hailed with loud and incessant cheers by that English youth which is to grow up as a guard and bulwark of the throne on which she is hereafter to take her place.

The remaining carriages and the remainder of the escort were loudly cheered also, and, flashing back the rays of the innumerable lamps and torches blazing on every side, the procession went at a smart pace through the town arch and up the main street of Eton, a wave of tumultuous sound following it as it went, to break, at last, in a tremendous burst, at the entrance of the Princess's future home—the castle of Windsor.

WINDSOR.

Windsor Bridge was reached in a few minutes, and here, near the triumphal arch over Thames-street, which was gaily decorated and illuminated with coloured lamps and festoons, and devices of every kind, were stationed the Mayor of Windsor, the Recorder of the borough, and Town Council. An address was presented, or more properly speaking, "thrown in to the carriage" here by the Mayor.

Scarcely a pause was made at this point, and the cortege at once proceeded at as rapid a pace as was consistent with the safety of the throng up Thames-street, the sides of which were most brilliantly illuminated, and so round the base of the noble old castle up Castle-hill, amid the cheers of the populace, the waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies in the windows, the merry peals of bells from St. John's Church, and royal salutes fired from the most unexpected positions, and in the Bachelor's-acre, till it passed through a triumphal arch here erected, near which the Windsor Rifle Volunteers were drawn up. These presented arms, but the band did not play, as this was forbidden by her Majesty. Under the direction of Superintendent Eager, of the Windsor police, and Inspectors Baker and Walker, the procession was enabled to reach the castle with perfect ease, the arrival in the quadrangle of the castle taking place about half-past six p.m. The children belonging to the Queen's schools at Cumberland Lodge were drawn up near the entrance to the castle in the Park, while the school-children of the town were placed along the mound of the castle itself, and fronting Thames-street.

The illuminations in Windsor were very general; nearly every shop and private house had its separate design in coloured lamps, transparencies, and devices, many of them exceedingly tasteful and well executed. The Townhall was illuminated with rows of coloured lamps around the cornices and windows, while the banks and other large establishments were likewise appropriately illuminated. Across Thames-street, but more especially Peasod-street—a narrow, sloping

street and busy thoroughfare—so numerous were the flags and banners suspended over the roadway that the streets were almost darkened in the latter part of the afternoon. At night, in spite of the unceasing rain, the town of Windsor presented a perfect blaze of illuminations. It was not till an extremely late hour that Windsor finally settled down to the quietness of a country town, after the greater part of the visitors brought down by the Great Western and London and South-Western Railways had returned home, though many remained in spite of the scarcity of beds in the town.

THE MARRIAGE.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

WHEN, a few months since, the Royal fiat went forth, and the loyal and faithful fliegcs of the Queen learned that it was their Sovereign's pleasure for the nuptials of her eldest son to take place in the Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, a feeling not unreasonably akin to disappointment arose among the public that the claims of that unpretending town should have been preferred above those of London, the chief city of the empire and the world. It was urged that the sister of the bridegroom—the charming and amiable Princess Royal—had been married at St. James's, and that it was in the chapel of the same ancient palace that the union of her Majesty with the revered Prince Consort had been celebrated three-and-twenty years ago. If St. James's were held to be too narrow a shrine, it was pleaded that an ampler fane could be found in the Chapel Royal of the magnificent banqueting-house at Whitehall, with its coiled roof redolent with the glories of Rubens's genius, and its flood of historic memories—some of them, perhaps, too melancholy to be dwelt upon with complacency in modern times. Finally, it was submitted that, if no precedent existed for the performance of the ceremony in one or other of the great metropolitan cathedrals—in the basilica of St. Paul, or the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster—such a precedent might, under actual circumstances and actual considerations, be most gracefully and judiciously created. The Royal decree was, nevertheless, irrevocable; and the quiet little Berkshire borough maintained the pre-eminence conferred upon it by the condescension of her Majesty. After all, this arrangement was, perhaps, the best that could be made; for St. George's Chapel, Windsor, contains within itself, besides both architectural and historical, which are not to be found elsewhere. Windsor Castle is undeniably the real home of English Royalty. It may have other castles, palaces, and villas scattered all over the land; but in those, and comparatively alien spots, it is but a bird of passage. Windsor is the domestic sanctuary of our Kings and Queens, their chosen birthplace, their most cherished abode, and, alas! not unfrequently the fated scene of their death and their burial. That stately Chapel of St. George—grey, crumbling, hoary, and, without, almost ruinous in aspect, but flowing within with rich tracery, painted windows, oak carvings, and burnished gilding—possesses far more lustre than all the renovating architect's cunning can give to it in the reminiscences of glory and fame which are indelibly associated with its history. In those stalls, gleaming with heraldic brasses—in those storied banners—in those dim side chapels, cumbered with monumental effigies of the dead—is written one of the noblest and most stirring chapters of the history of England. The Chapel of St. George is the conservatory of the famous Order of the Garter. The young bridegroom who on Tuesday led his bride to the altar is a Knight of that most illustrious order; the warriors and statesmen who gathered in his marriage train are many of them privileged to circle the knee with the magic strip of blue velvet, to wear the massy collar and glittering badge, to don the flowing robe, and to be marshalled as Knights by Garter King-at-Arms. In those heraldic plates, nailed almost carelessly to the panels of the stalls, is written, as in a *libro d'oro*, the glowing chronicle of baronial achievements, of deeds that have been sung by minstrels, illustrated by painters, and recited in the sounding prose of grave historians. Between the fretted tracery of those stalls may be discerned—bound now in glittering now in tarnished brass, now decorated in colours varied and brilliant as the modern herald-painter can make them, now in faded and phantom-like hues—a whole library of "Household Words" familiar in the mouths of all who cherish the history and venerate the traditions of their country. From the gallery of St. George's Chapel have been witnessed some of the most sumptuous pageants in which the splendour-loving Edwards and Henrys were wont to revel. The chapel has seen the "utmost magnificence" of Catholic worship when the ancient faith was dominant in this land—when the fragrant incense curled to the grained roof, and priests in stoles and copes, and bishops with mitres and croziers, officiated in the place now occupied by the soberly-clad divines of the Church of England, and when the summit of the screen dividing the nave from the choir was a rood and not an organ-loft. All things, then, considered, the selection of St. George's Chapel—if, even, the distinct expression of the Royal will did not enforce cheerful acquiescence—may be justified by a score of motives; and certainly the splendid spectacle presented on the now memorable Tuesday, the 10th of March, when his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was united in the solemn bonds of matrimony to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, bore out in every way the programme of "utmost magnificence" which had been foreshadowed.

THE MORNING.

The happiness of the bride upon whom the sun shines is assured by the cheerful wisdom of a good old English proverb, which, like a great deal more of our axiomatic philosophy, is not the less strongly commended to national regard from the fact of its connection with that national topic—the weather. The sun did not shine when crowds of expectant people flowed into Windsor on Tuesday morning, and it seemed a moot question whether he was to shine at all. However, the assemblage round the grey castle walls had not reached a fourth of its ultimate proportions when the lowering clouds rolled farther and farther apart, and the sun did indeed burst forth gloriously. Windsor, as may be supposed, was full; but there was an absence of any excessive thronging, such as marred the pleasures of many who essayed to enjoy the sight of Saturday's pageant in London. The decorations of the town had received additional touches up to almost the hour appointed for the departure of the bridal procession from the State apartments of the castle. From end to end of Windsor these gay devices spread in unbroken continuity, flags fluttering, banners waving, streamers undulating, festoons hanging in graceful, sweeping lines from window to window, and from house to house, and every doorway looking as if it were the entrance to a floral bower. The morning was cold—very cold. White frost lay on the grass, and the air was raw and chill beyond even the anticipations of those who had watched the weather narrowly and apprehensively for some days before. Rain they would not have been surprised to see, but winter, in its unmistakable sharpness, was more than any one among them had thought of predicting. Platforms and seats within and without the bounds of the castle were occupied by shivering ticket-holders long before eleven o'clock. Sooth to say, the bare and comfortless sheds provided for some hundreds of spectators were at no time warm enough to sit under without much stamping of feet, or an occasional walk on the gravel below. Nothing but the pervading happiness of the day could have thawed those hapless prisoners into such an enduring state of good humour as beamed in all their faces.

ASSEMBLY OF THE GUESTS AND SPECTATORS.

Carriages of all kinds were allowed to convey their occupants through the triumphal arch and up the hill; and the contrasts of the equipages were very striking. Now it was a Royal vehicle, with its resplendent hammercloth, bright crimson panels, richly-gilt wheels, springs, and carvings, and magnificently-dressed coachman, his cocked hat covered with bullion, his wig crisp and white as a frozen endive, and his face as roddy and fresh as the nosegay on his gold-laced chest; and now it was a fly or cab, the driver apparelled for the occasion in the height of that peculiar style which horse men affect. There was now and then a splendid phaeton, a handsome waggoneffe, or a four-in-hand drag, filled with travellers from afar, who looked as they might have looked if a wedding had been about to take place in front of the grand stand at Ascot. Continually and without ceasing carriages passed up the hill and through St. George's gate

full, and emerged from St. George's gate and went down the hill empty.

In one of the Queen's carriages came the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, his clear, olive face, bright eyes, and gleaming teeth being all that could be seen of him for diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The line through which all these carriages passed up and down over the smooth gravel was kept by the Grenadier Guards, who were on duty in other parts of the Castle as well. The 1st Life Guards, who were to form the escort, made a fine show as they wound through the arch just as the sun was darting forth.

Among the concourse lining the route of the procession were great numbers of Eton boys, distinguished by their spruce, well-brushed hats and jackets, and delighting in the produce of a general order for white kid gloves.

THE PROCESSIONS TO THE CHAPEL.

The first procession from Windsor Castle to the chapel, consisting of the Royal guests of her Majesty, was appointed to set forth at half-past eleven o'clock; and as this period approached all accessible positions hitherto vacant became filled, except some bare benches on the upper stand on Park-hill, opposite St. George's Gate. The warriors on the turrets high—that is to say, a sprinkling of officers who appeared in that conspicuous position, in company with ladies and civilians—were in an excellent situation for seeing everything except the faces inside the carriages. A few of the cavalry now took up their places along the line, in twos, and this procession tended to raise a belief that the starting of the bridal-train would not be long delayed. It was already within a minute or two of the half-hour, and the State carriages of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were driven up the hill and through St. George's Gate. In a very short space they came back again without having deposited their dignified freight; and an impression was generally entertained that they were too late. It is quite true that, perhaps by some tardiness of the rail, they were behind their time; but this was not the cause of their return from the State apartments, they having simply mistaken their road, which should have been straight to the entrance of the chapel.

At thirty-seven minutes past eleven the first carriage of the procession approached the gates, when all at once there was a bustle of commotion, and every eye was directed to its approach. The first part of the procession consisted of the Royal guests, who came in seven State carriages; and the second portion of members of the Royal family and of the Queen's household, in eleven State carriages.

At this point a ludicrous incident occurred which convulsed all present, even to the disciplined and stern soldiers on duty, with laughter. An elderly man, in very plain clothes, accompanied by two porters, the one carrying a blue bag well filled, the other a carpet not quite so bulky, passed up the centre of the entire line, and, entering the gate from which the procession issued, was lost to view within the Royal castle itself. A Jew carrying away his "ole clo" after a good morning's work, or a poor traveller unable to pay for a cab (to either of which the strange visitor might be compared), could not have been more unexpected at such a time and place; but, although every one laughed and wondered what he did there, the mysterious stranger passed unconcerned along, gate keepers, policemen, and soldiers yielding to the potent influence which he possessed, of whatever sort it might be.

This little incident, which was pleasant even as it varied a monotony of splendour, having passed, the third part of the procession, that of the bridegroom, began to move. This fact was announced beforehand by the cheering of the little boys and girls of the Queen's Windsor school, who, with a generous and humane forethought, were alone permitted by the Queen to stand on the lawn inside the gates, and who decidedly had thus the best opportunity of witnessing the cavalcade. This procession consisted of six carriages, in the last of which was THE BRIDEGROOM, accompanied by his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, supporters of his Royal Highness the Bridegroom. His Royal Highness looked very well, though a little paler than usual, and the full dress of a Knight of the Garter became him admirably. It may answer a good purpose, on the *Notes and Queries* principle, if we inform those persons who were generally in doubt as to the meaning of the bows of white ribbon on the shoulders of the Prince, that these appendages had no such significance as was suggested by the occasion, but are properly a part of the full dress of his illustrious order of knighthood.

The next and last procession to the chapel was the bride's, which consisted of only four carriages, the last of which contained THE BRIDE, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark, father of the Princess. Not the least beautiful for her paleness, Princess Alexandra smiled with a thankful look as the assembly on each side cheered her lustily, and bowed in graceful acknowledgment. The glasses of the carriage were up as it passed through the gates; but the Duke of Cambridge, after leaning forward as if to ask her permission, let them down that she might be seen the better. Thus she went on her happy way, the sun shining on as fair a bride as ever sat beneath it.

The Queen did not go to the chapel in the Royal procession, but proceeded thither by the private passage which had been prepared for her.

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

The interior of St. George's Chapel, of course, always looks beautiful; but on this occasion it was not until it was filled with its Royal, noble, fair, and distinguished company that the spectator felt that he was gazing upon certainly one of the most magnificent and best-ordered pageants of modern times. On the one side, in the choir, everything was solemn, antique, almost feudal. The stalls of the Knights, their dusty banners overhead, and these again surmounted by the tarnished coronets; the great stained-glass window at the end, the reredos below it, and the heavy richness of the communion plate—all combined to give to the choir an air of great solemnity. On the opposite side, in the nave, everything was light, cheerful, and airy. Abundance of light streamed in, with now and then a stray sunbeam through the Gothic windows, and gave great brilliancy and effect to the galleries, filled with ladies in toilettes as gay and many-coloured as a flower-garden. At the far end a crimson curtain hid from view the space in which the processions were being marshalled, and every stir in this place of drapery was an object of great interest and excitement to the company. In the nave the great officers of the Household began to drop in at an early hour, and seemed to be fully impressed with the responsibility that devolved upon them on this important day. At the right-hand corner of the nave, close by the communion-table, the well-known artist Mr. Frith might be seen, in Court dress, and in an admirable position for taking the preliminary sketches for his promised picture. The great artist was surrounded by a perfect bevy of ladies, and seemed exceedingly to enjoy his rather enviable location.

The ladies had now begun to arrive. Their dresses were splendid and in great variety, both of material and colour, with, however, as regards the latter, a considerable preponderance of selection in favour of mauve and magenta. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Dean of Windsor, arrived in excellent time, and immediately proceeded to take their allotted places, the Archbishop, Primate of all England, standing on the north side of the communion-table, and the Dean of Windsor, Chaplain of the Order of the Garter, upon the south, the latter wearing the scarlet robe which indicated his special office. The paces and other ladies of rank now began to pour in in numbers, and some amusement was caused by the shifts to which they were obliged to resort in order to reconcile the narrowness of the passages with the expansiveness of their draperies. In a few cases a dead lock seemed to be imminent, but the difficulty was got over somehow, and gradually every seat in the choir was occupied. Now, it might be said that the rather gloomy choir began to look cheerful and brilliant. Many of the ladies wore a burnous of gold or silver tissue, and headresses sparkling with diamonds. Their dresses were silks and brocades of the richest textures and finest colours, and the personal attractions of many of them completed the effect of the picture. A great stir was created by the arrival of the Knights of the Garter, wearing the gorgeous robes of their Order. Amongst them we noticed Earl Granville, the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Duke of Somerset, Earl Russell, and, coming up

last, Lord Palmerston. His Lordship looked exceedingly well in his purple velvet mantle, but seemed to walk with some difficulty as he ascended to his allotted place. About the same time a single Knight of the Bath came in upon the opposite side in ample cloak of crimson satin, but the effect was by no means so good as that produced by the regal purple of the higher Order.

A glance round at the nave now also began to discover objects of interest. The whole body of heralds, in their rich tabards, stood grouped on one side, and the crimson curtain at the end being partially raised exposed the glittering groups beyond who were awaiting the signal to advance. Conspicuous in front of these stood the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, in the richest Oriental costume; and if his Highness had been placed there with a deliberate view to theatrical effect he could not have appeared to greater advantage. A single sunbeam had just penetrated the Gothic window over his head and lit up the precious jewel in his turban, making the latter shine like a star and the wearer for the moment the great centre and object of attraction. The accessories of the picture were now complete; the nave studded down each side with long benches, filled with ladies in gay morning costume; the heralds standing in groups at one side, and the distinguished personages who were to form the various processions visible through the crimson opening; while, on the other side, in the choir, everything was solemn richness and silent expectation. The Knights of the Garter were all in their stalls, hidden almost in purple and gold; the Peersesses in the front rows, sparkling in diamonds; and at the upper end the eye rested on a magnificent jumble of episcopal lawn, gorgeous church plate, gilded tabourets, and Court functionaries in uniforms elaborately embroidered with gold.

HER MAJESTY.

About this time attention became concentrated upon the pew known as the Royal closet, which was conspicuous over the north side of the communion-table. A rumour went round that the Queen had arrived, and, on looking towards the closet, we saw her Majesty take her seat in front, clad in the deepest widow's weed, and having only for ornament the collar and George of the highest order of English chivalry. It is needless to say how deep was the interest with which every eye gazed at this corner of the chapel. It could easily be seen that her Majesty was deeply moved by the scene which expanded in magnificence at her feet; and it could be imagined that the Royal memory reverted to a similar scene occurring more than twenty years ago, in which her Majesty herself was the centre figure, and in which one who is now no more stood beside her at the altar to claim her as his bride. There was a momentary sadness pervading the whole of that distinguished company; the same thought seemed to run sympathetically through every mind, and many a tear was shed besides those which were obviously falling in the Royal closet. But the occasion was one of joy and not of sadness, and the martial sound of the trumpet soon recalled attention to the ceremonial of the day, the feature requiring immediate attention being

THE PROCESSIONS TO THE ALTAR.

Every eye was turned towards the nave, into which the first procession, that of the Royal guests, was now entering, amongst whom the Danish visitors were of course the greatest objects of curiosity. Princess Louise of Denmark and her fair daughters—Princesses Dagmar and Thyra—were eagerly scrutinised, the magnificent toilet of the elder lady and the personal attractions of Princess Dagmar proportionably dividing the general admiration. The distinguished personages composing this part of the procession having been marshalled to their places, after an exceedingly short interval of time the trumpets again sounded in the nave, and the second procession, that of the Royal family and the Queen's household, advanced.

Princess Mary of Cambridge, who was the first of the Royal personages in this procession, appeared to great advantage. It would be impossible to imagine a more graceful and dignified presence than that of her Royal Highness, and an audible hum of approbation rose through the interior as she passed along to the choir, smiling and saluting such friends as she recognised in the galleries. Great interest was also created by the junior members of the Royal family—Princesses Beatrice, Louise, and Helena, and Princes Leopold and Arthur. The two latter, as they walked along, hand in hand, in their picturesque Highland costume, appeared to be engaged in close conversation, and to pay very little attention to the gorgeous pageant by which they were surrounded. Princess Louise of Hesse—the "Princess Alice" of the English people's affections—was eagerly watched for and pointed out; and not less interest was created by the entrance of the Crown Princess of Prussia, leading her little son by the hand. A very varied character was given to this procession by the number of foreign military and Court uniforms with which it was interspersed.

Precisely at twelve o'clock one of the two great processions of the day—namely, that of the Royal bridegroom—commenced; and it is needless to add that the interest of the spectators greatly intensified as the crimson folds of drapery were thrown open and the two Kings of Arus, Norroy and Clarenceux, appeared in the vestibule. The following was the order of the Procession of the Bridegroom:—

Drums and Trumpets.

Sergeant Trumpeter.

Norroy King of Arms. Clarenceux King of Arms.
Secretary to his Royal Highness the Bridegroom, Mr. Herbert W. Fisher.
The Grooms of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Bridegroom, Mr. Charles L. Wood and Hon. Robert H. Meade.
The Lords of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Bridegroom, Lord Alfred Hervey, the Earl of Mount Edgumbe.
The Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of his Royal Highness the Bridegroom, Lieutenant-General Knollys.
The Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness the Bridegroom, Earl Spencer.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Supported by his Brother-in-Law, his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, K.G., and by his Uncle, his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, K.G.
Followed by the Equerries of his Royal Highness the Bridegroom—Major C. Teesdale, C.B., V.C., Captain G. H. Grey, and Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Keppel.
The Gentlemen in attendance upon his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, Colonel von Obernitz and Captain von Lucadou.
Groom in Waiting to the Queen in attendance on his Royal Highness, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry J. W. Bantuck, K.C.B.
The Gentlemen in attendance upon his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Baron von Wangenheim, the Baron Graben, M. de Schellwitz.
Equerry to the Queen in attendance on his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Colonel the Hon. Dudley C. F. De Roa.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales probably never appeared to so much advantage as upon this important occasion. His Royal Highness wore over a full General Officer's uniform, with the stars of the Garter and the Indian Order, the magnificent flowing mantle of the Order of the Garter, and in it looked a model of youthful grace and manliness. His step was full of firmness and dignity, and his whole carriage that of a Prince. His Royal Highness's supporters, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, both also Knights of the Garter, walked on his Royal Highness's right hand and left; but the public had no eye except for the Prince, whose appearance and entire deportment received the meed of universal approbation. His Royal Highness bowed gracefully to the ladies right and left as he passed along, and with marked reverence to the Queen as he approached the *haut pas*. Having arrived there, his Royal Highness stood at the communion-table and waited, with many a glance towards the nave, the coming of the bride. The entrance of his Royal Highness into the choir was the signal for the first music in the day's programme. The organ and the band pealed forth Mendelssohn's March from "Athalia" as his Royal Highness was being conducted to the *haut pas*, and remained playing until the trumpets announced the approach of the bride.

There was a universal rising from seats and a general turning of faces towards the nave as the trumpets once more sounded to usher in the Procession of the Bride, which was thus arranged:—

Drums and Trumpets.

Sergeant Trumpeter.

Herald. Master of the Ceremonies.
Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, K.C.H.
The Members of the Danish Legation,
Mr. O. A. Goseh and Captain de Falbe.
The Danish Minister, M. Torben de Bille.
The Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's Household, Viscount Castlereagh.
The Lord Chamberlain of the Queen's Household, Viscount Sydney.

THE BRIDE.

supported by her Father, his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark, and by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.

The train of her Royal Highness was

borne by eight unmarried Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls.
Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Diana Beaulieu,
Lady Eliza Bruce, Lady Victoria Howard,
Lady Emily Villiers, Lady Agnesa Yorke,
Lady Feodora Wellesley, Lady Eleanor Hare.

Ladies and Gentlemen in attendance upon her Royal Highness the Bride, General d'Oxholm, Chamberlain to his Majesty the King of Denmark. Madame d'Oxholm, Grande Maitresse of the Court of his Majesty the King of Denmark.

Countess Leventlow.

Equerry to the Queen, in attendance upon her Royal Highness the Bride, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Charles Grey.
Adjutant to his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark, Captain Castenskjold, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber.
Groom in Waiting to the Queen in attendance on his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. F. Cavendish.
Equerries to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Charles Tyrwhitt, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Clifton.

Her Royal Highness's dress, as befitting a bride, was of pure white silk, covered with costly lace of the same colour, and a train of unusual length and dimensions was borne by the graceful bevy of bridesmaids. Her Royal Highness wore a profusion of orange-flowers and the necklace of pearls and diamonds which had been presented to her by the Prince of Wales. It had been generally expected that the bridal neck ornament would have been the present of the city of London; but even the Corporation must admit that the gifts of her betrothed had prior claims upon her Royal Highness. As the bride entered the choir the band played the march from "Joseph" (Handel). During the advance of the procession of the bride through the chapel, and previous to the commencement of the marriage service, the band and choir performed the following chorale, composed by the Prince Consort, the words by T. Oliphant, Esq.:—

This day, with joyful heart and voice,
To Heaven be raised a nation's prayer:
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair.

So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days,
But happiness in endless round
Shall still encompass all their ways.

All remained standing during the performance of the chorale.

The Princess was conducted to her place on the left side of the *haut pas*, and the bridesmaids clustered behind her Royal Highness whilst the Primate and his attendant clergy were preparing to perform the marriage ceremony. Previous, however, to her Royal Highness taking her allotted position, she knelt reverently before the altar, and appeared for some minutes to be absorbed in prayer, in which she was visibly joined by her Majesty the Queen, who leant forward, and remained with head bowed during the time that the Princess knelt at the altar.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The marriage ceremony now commenced, and was, of course, gone through in the same way as it was probably being performed at that moment in half the parish churches of the kingdom, for it is generally understood that all the intending brides of the last month or two had made up their minds to be married on the same day as Princess Alexandra. The Archbishop read the service with great impressiveness, and with so distinct a voice that many of his words reached the lower end of the nave. There was immense curiosity to hear the Prince and Princess respectively pronounce the momentous "I will;" but in neither case was the public curiosity gratified. So far as the Royal couple was concerned, the company were obliged to be content with seeing; and nobody, we may be sure, missed the graceful action of his Royal Highness in placing the ring on the finger of his bride. The Archbishop gave his blessing with great earnestness and solemnity, and was heartily joined in it by every person in the church. Whilst it was being delivered her Majesty the Queen knelt and prayed with her head buried in her handkerchief; and it was not unreasonable to conjecture that the sorrow of the widow mingled with the joy of the mother in producing the emotion which even the restraints of Royal etiquette could not entirely conceal. In another moment the whole of this imposing ceremonial was over, the various processions retired nearly in the order in which they had advanced, and in an incredibly short space of time St. George's Chapel resumed its ordinary stillness and solemnity.

THE JOURNEY FROM WINDSOR TO OSBORNE.

After the conclusion of the marriage ceremony the Royal party returned to the castle, the Prince and Princess of Wales now occupying the same carriage, when they were conducted to the green drawing-room and white room, where the attestation of the marriage took place by the Royal guests, the Church dignitaries, the Lord Chancellor, and other Ministers of the Crown, and the Danish Minister, M. de Bille.

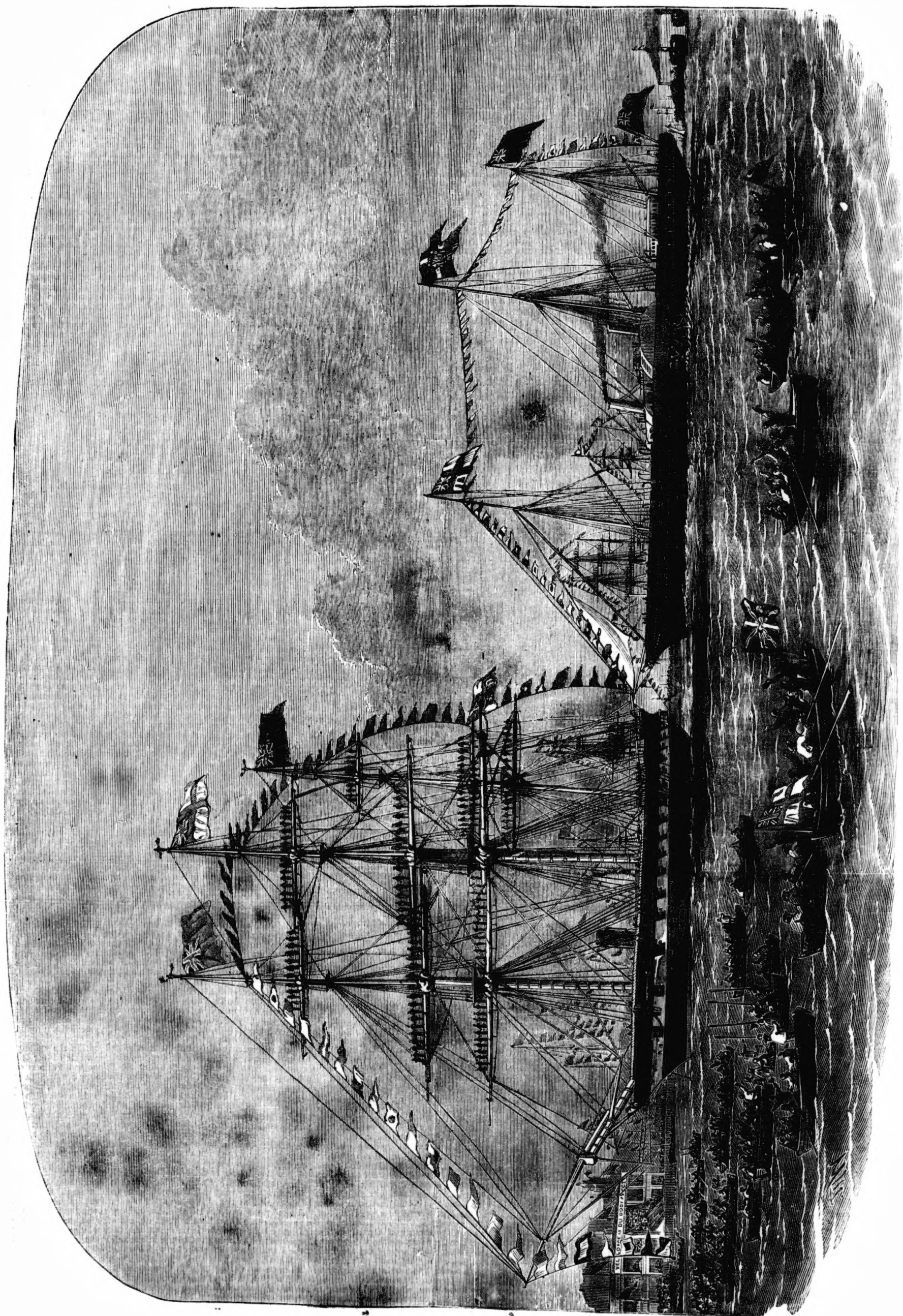
At four o'clock their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales took their departure for her Majesty's marine residence, Osborne, Isle of Wight. Their Royal Highnesses were conducted down the grand staircase by the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness, the Treasurer of the Household, the Vice-Chamberlain, and the Comptroller of the Household.

The members of the Danish Royal family and most of the Royal visitors followed the Prince and Princess to the grand entrance, where the Princess of Wales took leave of her parents and other relatives. Their Royal Highnesses entered an open carriage and four, and, preceded by outriders in scarlet liveries, passed slowly round the quadrangle of the castle.

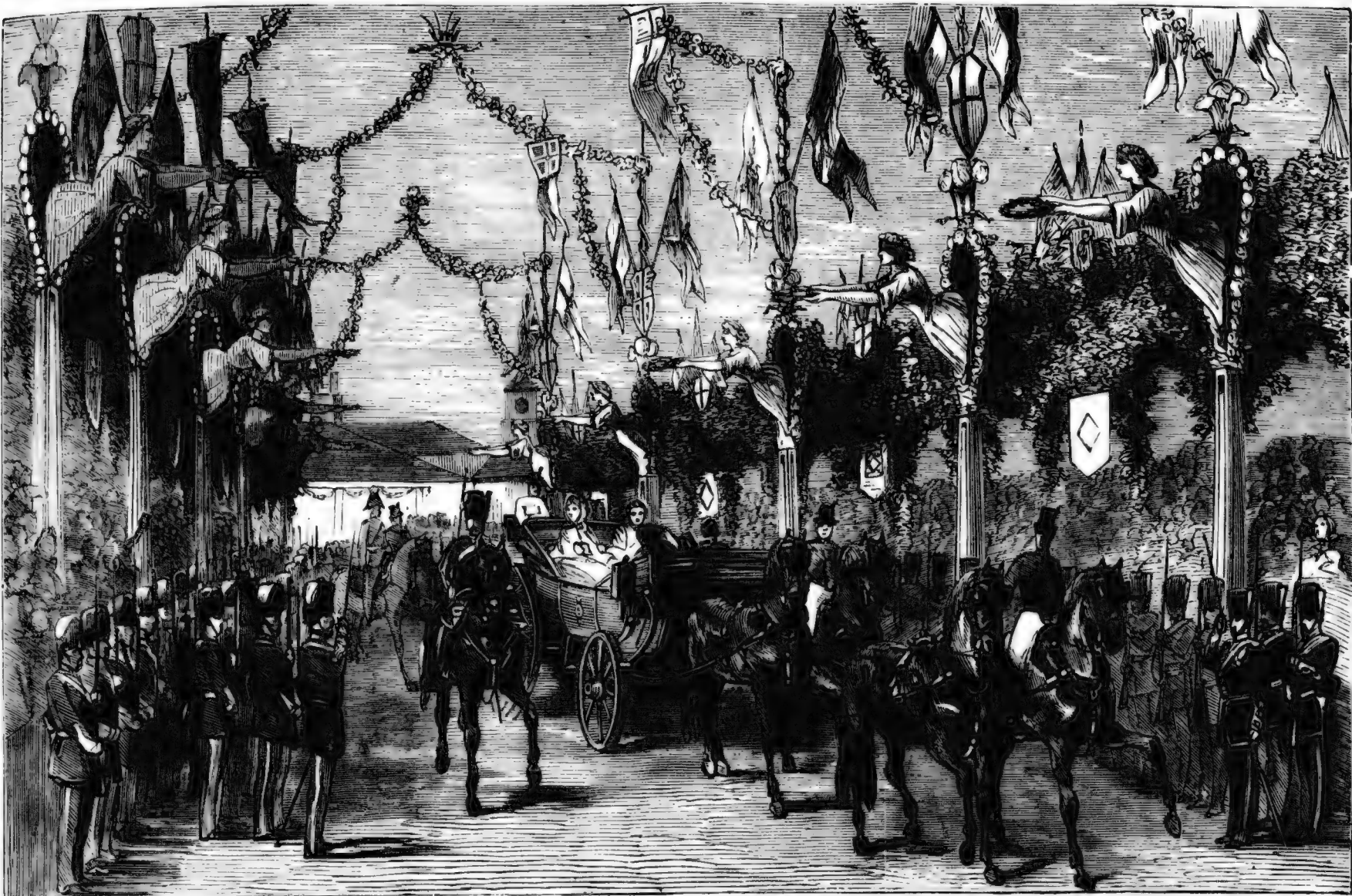
A large number of visitors were admitted within the railway station, and occupied some seats which had been erected for the occasion. At a few minutes past four the Prince and Princess of Prussia arrived to take their last leave of the happy couple. They were received by a guard of honour of the Coldstreams, and, after a short delay, the Prince and Princess of Wales followed. Their appearance was the signal for, perhaps, the loudest burst of cheering which had been heard throughout the day; and when the saloon-carriage of the South-Western Railway moved very slowly through the station, and the Prince and Princess appeared at the window, the enthusiasm became almost frantic. In a moment more the train had disappeared, and, so far as regards Windsor, the ceremony was at an end.

The Royal train reached Reading at 4.45, where an address of congratulation was pre-ented by the Mayor in the name of the Corporation, a ceremony which was likewise gone through at Southampton, where the Prince and Princess arrived at six o'clock. Large crowds had assembled at the railway station and along the line of route hence to the point of embarkation, and gave the Royal couple an enthusiastic reception. Only a stoppage of a few minutes took place here, when the Prince and Princess went on board the Royal yacht, and proceeded to Osborne.

Their Royal Highnesses reached Cowes at ten minutes past seven, when an address was presented from the Mayor and Corporation of Ryde. The Royal carriages were in waiting at the Trinity House landing-place, and in a few minutes the Prince and Princess were driven to Osborne House. The inhabitants of West Cowes had crossed the Medina in great numbers to welcome their Royal Highnesses, and the cheering and enthusiasm were as great and as general as at any place through which they had passed.



ARRIVAL OF THE VICTORIA AND ALEXANDRA, WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ON BOARD, AT GRAVES-HEAD.



DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA FROM THE TERRACE PIER.

MARRIAGE AND BETROTHAL RINGS.

THE use of finger-rings is of remote date. We find them amongst the relics of the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and other ancient nations. Rings are frequently referred to in pages of Scripture, and probably in the first instance they were considered badges of authority; or, in consequence of having engraved upon them some peculiar emblem, which could either be known by others, or give an impress which would be a warrant to State orders or private agreements, the ring became an object of regard, and eventually came to be connected with our own most binding engagements. Much interesting matter might be given respecting both marriage and other rings, but at present we will but note that it was anciently very customary among the people to break a piece of gold or silver in token of verbal contracts of marriage and promises of love, one half to be kept by the woman and the other half by the man. Other presents were also made on those occasions, as is shown by the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "Cupid's Revenge":—

Given earrings we will wear;
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
Which they on our arms shall twist,
(With their names carved) on our wrist.

It appears, also, to have been a custom for those who were betrothed to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. A joint or gimmell ring appears to have been anciently a common token among betrothed lovers. These, as we gather from the following passage in Dryden's play of "Don Sebastian," were by no means confined to the lower orders of society. The quotation also well describes the construction of those rings:—

A curious artist wrought 'em,
With joints so close as not to be perceived;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart,
(Her part had *Juan* inscribed, and his had *Haydee*,
You know these names were theirs); and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now, if the rivet of those rings inclos'd
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie;
But, if they join, you must for ever part.

It appears from other parts of this play that one of these rings was worn by Sebastian's father, the other by Almeyda's mother, as pledges of love. Sebastian took his off, which had been put on the finger of his dying father. Almeyda does the same with hers, which had been given her by her mother at parting; and Alvarez unscrews both rings, and fits the halves of each into those of the other.

In Shakspeare's play of "Twelfth Night" the priest describes a betrothal as

A contract of eternal Bond of Love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact,
Sealed in my function by my testimony.

We have engraved a variety of ancient and curious rings to afford our readers an opportunity of seeing the nature and fashion of these ornaments in earlier times; and may add a few particulars concerning rings which are known to have belonged to persons famous in history.

A contemporary authority says that on the occasion of the public marriage of Queen Mary of Scotland with Lord Darnley, who had at that time been created Duke of Albany, Mary wore three wedding-rings. One of these was a diamond ring, but there seems to be no account taken of the others. This interesting relic has now been added to the valuable collection of national antiquities in the British Museum. The ring is of gold, massive in form, and weighs 212 gr. The hoop has been charged with foliage and flowers, now much worn, and but little trace of the enamel now remains.

When this object was exhibited some years ago to the Society of Antiquaries, Sir Henry Ellis and many others were of opinion that



WEDDING AND BETROTHAL RINGS.

1, 2. A Gimmell Ring. 1. The Ring closed. 2. The Ring open. 3. Betrothal Ring, with the device of a "true-love knot" on the seal. 4. Betrothal Ring, with the inscription. 5. Curious double Ring, in the British Museum. 6. Gold Wedding Ring, in the British Museum. 7, 8. Betrothal Ring, in the British Museum. 8. Inscription on the Ring. 9, 10, 11. Gold Ring, now in the British Museum, said to have been the Marriage Ring of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley. 9. Underside of the Ring. 10. Monogram in detail. 11. The Royal arms of

Scotland on the impress of the seal. 12. Wedding Ring, in the centre of which are closed hands, surmounted by a cluster of fleur-de-lis. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Devices on Wedding and Betrothal Rings. 19. Inscribed Wedding Ring. 20. Details of Gimmell Ring, showing the central part when clasped. 21, 22, 23. Betrothal Ring of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley. 21. Inscription and device on the under side of the ring. 22. Monogram on the impress of the seal. 23. Side view of the ring. 24, 25, 26. Wedding Ring in

the British Museum Collection. 27. Ornament at back of the ring. 28. Ornament in front of the ring. 29. Gold Italian Betrothal Ring of the fifteenth century. 30. Gold Signet with the rebus of the Wylmot Family. At the foot of the tree there is the letter "R." On one side are the letters "WY," and on the other the letters "OT." Supposing the tree to be an elm, the name would read Wy-elm-ot, or Wylmot. The ring is supposed to be of fourteenth century workmanship.

this was certainly a marriage ring of the unfortunate Queen. On the impress are the Royal arms of Scotland, supported by two unicorns with banners; above are the letters "M. A." and a motto. (The engraving of the impress is larger than the original.) Inside the ring is a monogram which has been generally supposed to be "M. A." (Mary and Albany); there has, however, been doubt thrown on this reading of the monogram; but want of space prevents us now from entering into particulars.

Much curious and interesting matter might be written on the real and supposed relics of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland; we have here, however, but limited space for this purpose. Nevertheless, the present object is of so much consequence that we must not pass it over without some particular notice.

This ring, which is of fine gold, was found at Fotheringhay Castle, in Scotland, and was for some time in the possession of Colonel Grant. It now forms part of the valuable collection of rings in the possession of Edward Waterton, Esq., of Walton Hall, near Wakefield. In 1819 it was exhibited at Salisbury, at the meeting of the Archaeological Institute, and attracted considerable notice. By some this ring has been regarded as a nuptial ring, but it seems far more probable that it is to be regarded as an evidence of plighted troth from Mary to Darnley. The impress presents the initials "H." and "M.," with a "true-love knot" repeated above and below; and it may be remarked that the first stroke of "H" has a transverse line at the top forming a "T," a letter which it is not easy to explain in connection with the supposed allusion to the names of Henry Darnley and Mary. Within the hoop is engraved a small escutcheon, charged with a lion rampant, and surmounted by an enriched crown. The tressure of Scotland is alone wanting to give a Royal character to this little achievement. Adjoining the shield is, in letters of the period, "Henri L. Darnley," and, below, the date "1565." This date agrees with the time when it is known that Darnley became the accepted suitor of Queen Mary. There were, however, rumours of the engagement of the two cousins in 1562; but the persevering attentions of the King of Sweden, through his various agents, prevented any credit being given to the idea of an alliance which Mary at that time seemed to consider beneath her dignity. During this time Queen Elizabeth was urging the claims of the Earl of Leicester to an alliance with Mary.

During the stay of Darnley with Mary at Wemyss Castle, in the beginning of 1564-5, Henry first found favourable occasion to plead his suit. Towards the close of February he was again with the Queen at Holyrood; where it is said that Darnley's proposal of marriage was refused; notwithstanding which, we find the Queen and her future husband together at Stirling Castle, where the latter was attacked with the measles. On his recovery, in the second week of April, the nuptials were privately solemnised. On May 15 (1566) the Queen met her nobles in the Parliament hall at Stirling, and signified her intention of espousing Darnley, and the proposal was received without a dissentient voice. On this occasion she created her husband Lord of Ardmarch and Earl of Ross; and on July 21, the public celebration of her marriage being fixed, the banns were proclaimed, and the Pope's dispensation obtained. Mary created Darnley Duke of Albany. On the 28th she issued her warrant, commanding the heralds to proclaim him King of Scotland, in virtue of the bond of matrimony to be solemnised on the following day at the chapel at Holyrood. The next morning the proclamation as King was repeated, and thenceforward all documents were signed "Henri & Marie R."

As regards the "T" in the monogram in the ring, some have thought that it may bear some allusion to the Royal house of Tudor, since Darnley's maternal grandmother was Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and relict of James IV., King of Scotland, grandfather of Queen Mary. Thus both the affianced parties might claim a like descent, in the second generation, from the Tudor race.

The other detail, not easily to be explained, is the association of what has been supposed to be the Royal arms of Scotland with the letters "Henri L. Darnley," and it has been suggested that the lion rampant might possibly be the ancient emblem of the earldom of Fife, which appears to have been borne by the Dukes of Albany. Considering this ring as a betrothal present by Queen Mary to her future husband, it does not seem difficult, under the circumstances, to associate the Royal shield with Darnley's name; and it may be that the missing tressure may have been only expressed in this enamel, which is now nearly lost, or perhaps the limited space did not permit the engraver properly to express it.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS.

THERE is no heraldic emblem so well known by all classes of the people as that which is borne by the eldest sons of the English Kings and Queens, and yet the origin of this device is a matter of considerable doubt. It is generally supposed that this crest was assumed by Edward the Black Prince when he slew in battle John, King of Bohemia, in consequence of the latter having used that badge of distinction; but in an elaborate paper, published in the *Archæologist*, it is very clearly shown that the crest of the Bohemian King was the spread wing of a raven, so that the use of the feathers cannot be well accounted for in this way.

On the shields of arms of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral the feathers are shown with the motto "Ich dien." This is arranged alternately with the Royal Arms of England. There are, however, no plumes of the raven's wing on either shield; and, although we will not here argue the question, it seems far more probable that the Prince of Wales's feathers were assumed by the Black Prince in consequence of their having been a cognisance of the Queen, his mother. Since the days of the Lero of Politics the feathers have been borne in heraldic display, not only by the Princes of Wales, but also by Kings of England and their sons and daughters; but for several centuries past it has been exclusively the distinction of the eldest son and heir Apparent to the Throne. In the reign of Henry VIII. the coronet was for the first time incorporated with the crest.

THE ROYAL WEDDING CAKE.

Mr. Pagniez, the Royal confectioner at Windsor, produced a very elegant wedding cake for the Princess Alexandra. It is thus described in a fashionable morning contemporary:—"The cake stands 5½ ft. high, and at the base 2½ ft. broad. The weight is 100 lb. Mr. Pagniez has adhered to the associations of the place in which the Royal wedding is to be celebrated, and, adopting a Gothic design, has produced an ornamental 'clevation' (if we may use the term) which reminds us of one of our old English crosses of the time of the Edwards, such as we still see standing at Waltham in remembrance of Queen Eleanor. The design is divided into four parts or stories. The basement is octagonal, and within its arches two niches contain the arms of England and Denmark, with alternate arches occupied by figures of the Muses. Between the basement and the next tier of arches crouching hang over the parapet, and medallions of the Prince and Princess are hung from the bases of the pillars above. The shafts of these pillars are again hung with heraldic devices, the Plumes of the prince, and other such significant badges; while within, and occupying the centre, are figures emblematic of Hymen, surrounded by Cupids and other mythological attendants upon the nuptial ceremony. On reaching the next story the octagonal shape contracts into an hexagonal form, within the arches of which the god of Love sports, surrounded by a variety of complimentary emblems. Above this, the next story, quadrilateral, rises, which being more contracted in size and approaching the apex, is dealt with as a sort of base for a slender vase surmounting the whole structure, from which orange-flowers depend. Festoons of orange-flower wreaths hang from column to column, and sufficiently designate the purpose for which this elaborate piece of confectionery is designed. The riches of the pediment, which contain the arms of England and Denmark, have been constructed as doors, and they open! When opened her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will be enabled to draw the knife across the cake."

WEDDING-RINGS AND BRIDECAKES.

THE use of these at marriage ceremonies seems to be of very great antiquity. Consecration and the ring were used anciently as blinding

ceremonies by the heathens in making agreements, grants, &c. From the ancient times of Babylonia and Assyria signet-rings were considered matters of the greatest importance. Royal edicts were promulgated through the medium of a seal. The Greeks in the time of Solon used seal-rings, and with their use came the art of counterfeiting them. In Athens great precautions were taken with regard to the forgeries of seal-rings; so much so that by a law of Solon an engraver was forbidden to keep the form of the seal which he had sold. From the most remote ages a ring has been a sign of authority; and there is no doubt that, in consequence of its association with contracts of the greatest consequence, it has come into use in connection with our most solemn engagements.

The ceremony observed at the celebration of a marriage was called consecration in token of a firm conjunction between the man and the wife, symbolised by a cake of wheat or barley. This is still retained in part by us in that which is called the bride-cake used at weddings. An old writer says that the English, when the bride comes from a church, are wont to cast wheat upon her head; and when the bride and bridegroom return home, one presents them with a pot of butter, as presaging plenty and abundance of all good things.

THE ILLUMINATIONS IN LONDON.

THE SPECTATORS.

Londoners having made Tuesday a couple's holiday, like the inhabitants of other parts of the kingdom, were somewhat puzzled how they should spend their time. Some wisely took short trips by railway to the more attractive places of resort in the suburbs, and many paid a visit to the Crystal Palace and to other places of amusement; but the great majority of people contented themselves with passing over the route the procession took on Saturday, in order that they might view the decorations of the principal buildings, which still remained untouched, and also that they might notice the preparations made for illuminating the metropolis at night. The streets were consequently more crowded than on any day during the past week, with the exception of Saturday, and as there were but few carriages and wagons on the road there was fortunately no room for those who were forced off the pavements by the immense throngs moving to and fro. As night drew on the more timid or more prudent retired to their homes, and left the streets to those who had no fear of being crushed and jammed by the dense mass of people who soon occupied them. It was generally anticipated that the streets would be greatly crowded by vehicles of all descriptions conveying parties through the principal thoroughfares to see the display; but although, in certain of the narrower parts, or where the attraction was more than ordinarily great, this was the case, by the arrangements of the police—whereby carriages of all descriptions were compelled to keep moving in one line, at the side of the road way, according to the direction in which they intended to proceed, and no empty carriages being allowed to pass through the principal streets—there was not half so much confusion as was anticipated; and although the number of people abroad was greater, probably, than was ever before known on such an occasion, and there was naturally much crowding and struggling, with the loss of a hat here and there, and here and there a shoe or a lappet of a coat, the pressure was certainly not so much as might have been expected. The principal sufferers by the crowd were the women, who even on this occasion would not by side the distending apparatus which has for so long been part of their personal attire in not of their personal adornment, and who, consequently, on emerging from a crowd, found these portions of their habiliments sadly dislocated and fractured by contact with rougher sex.

A more showy of rain, which fell just after dark, did not, however, detract greatly to the success; but it caused the pavement to become so much more slippery, which was a source of great discomfort to those who were fully bent on seeing the grand display, for which such extensive preparations had been made. The display was certainly very magnificent, and was very general; but it would have been far better had there been more concert and mutual arrangement. This was strikingly shown at those places where a combined design had been adopted, and a far prettier display was the result at a title of the expense. Here and there, where the designs had been more than usually ambitious, or where the executors had failed in effecting their portion of the work, there was a slight disappointment; but, generally speaking, the result was most successful, and it may be safely said that such a brilliant scene as the metropolis presented on Tuesday night has never been equalled in this country on any former occasion. We can only notice a few of the more prominent points, but may remark that all over the metropolis the display of the Prince of Wales's plumes, devices of "A. E. A.," &c., was everywhere to be seen. "May they be happy," &c., was endless. There was, perhaps, a little monotony in the devices and a seeming poverty of invention exhibited, as the same sentiment embodied in a like device met you at every turn; but where the general desire to produce a good effect was so manifest it would be ungracious to be over-critical.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Retracing the line of route passed by the procession on Saturday, the first thing that called for notice was, of course, London Bridge. A vast crowd of persons flocked to the shrines of Sixo-Gratulations and the other Danish worthies, before which one hundred alars, flaming like so many cressets of antiquity, still breathed their more or less fragrant perfume. Two grand transparencies on the triumphal arch came out remarkably well, and were immensely admired; but the bridge, as a whole, did not look quite so imposing as it did by daylight. The numerous banners, which are the most striking feature in the design, require the full blaze of the sun to give them their due effect. Along King William-street the private illuminations were very numerous; while the Monument was illuminated with an electric light, the effect of which at a distance was very striking.

THE CITY.

In all the principal streets of the City the illumination was general, and especially brilliant in those through which the Royal pageant of Saturday passed. The banners used on that occasion still floated from the houses in the Face of route, while the triumphal arches and all the rest of the varied ornamentation existed, and lent additional interest to the spectacle of Tuesday night. The grandest sight in the City was, of course, that produced by the three great buildings which close the robes opening between Cornhill, Cornhill, and King William-street—namely, the Mansion House, the Bank, and the Royal Exchange. The two first were illuminated in much the same manner—that is to say, by numerous raked jets of gas disposed along the chief line of the building. The long side of the Bank, brought out with a single powerful light, relieved at intervals by large and handsome stars, put on for the night an air of dignity and repose which it does not possess in the day. The front of the Mansion House is incapable of this large and simple treatment. The Exchange was, perhaps, without exception, the most tasteful and successful effort to be seen in London. Its pediment was also traced with a line of light, and its columns were adorned with illuminated spirals. The bold inscription, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," was on this occasion set in literally illuminated characters. Guildhall was ornamented with gas jets, disposed on the architectonic principle, but the effect was not particularly good. The Post Office had a design representing laurels and plumes and enormous "A's." The general effect of King William-street, Cheapside, Holborn, Ludgate-hill, and Fleet-street was very striking, and excited general admiration. On the whole, the City illuminations must be pronounced a great and unprecedented success.

ST. PAUL'S.

Every general illumination brings out some novelty—some new device or combination—and the display of Tuesday night was marked by a very creditable attempt to light up St. Paul's Cathedral. Those who have seen, or have read vivid descriptions of, the brilliant lighting of St. Peter's at Rome during the Carnival, will smile at the rather humble preparations made by the cathedral lamp committee. We believe, however, that there are structural difficulties

in the way of imitating the Roman style of church illumination, and that the comparatively feeble effects produced at our noble City cathedral are to be referred to these and want of sufficient time to make all the needful arrangements for successfully illuminating so vast a structure. The top of the dome was marked by a fiery coronet, the base of the dome was surrounded by a ring of yellow lamps, and the base of the pillars—the noble colonnade which supports the dome—was also marked by a ring of red lamps. These lamps were the property of the Admiralty, and were very like the red and white lamps which are used on railways. The lime light was thrown on to the dome from many points at the ends of the main body of the building, and it was also hung at intervals at the top of the butt. The variegated lamps wanted force and were too far apart, and the night was too foggy to distinguish the dark dome between the rings of fire. It was only when the darting rays of the lime light pierced the gloom that their connection with the building was seen; and at other times they looked like the chimeric gaslight of a circus. Even the most favourable effects of the lime light in bringing out the harmonious proportions of the building were not equal to those produced by moonlight, or day break on a summer's morning.

TEMPLE BAR.

The triumphal arch at Temple Bar looked really splendid. On the pediments and cornices there were no less than 220 burners of large size, which were supplied with gas. All the statues held gas-lights, and the torches of the figures of Hymen were in a blaze. On the corners of the supports four large Arabian stars shone brightly. "Pattern" lights were placed in front of the pilasters to throw a strong reflection on the arch itself, and coloured fires burned in the trophies which stood over the footpaths. The gold on the pediments and cornices of the arch contrasted very considerably to heighten the brilliant effect of the gaslights by which this showy structure was made luminous for considerable distances east and west. This arch formed one of the attractions of the night, and the streets in its vicinity were almost impassable.

TRAFFALGAR-SQUARE.

Here the chief attraction was afforded by an elaborate design at the National Gallery. In the centre was a transparency representing two medallion portraits of the Prince and Princess, two guardian angels crowning them with wreaths. A line of gas jets ran along the frame, including a St. George's star in crystal glass. There was a great work of beautiful crystal glass, above which were the words "Long life to the Prince and Princess of Wales!" "England's Hope!" On one side was placed on a shield the arms of England, draped by the national flag, and a corresponding shield bore the arms of Denmark, with the Deutscher, Brunswick stars, and Prince's plume and motto. The water colour of crystal glass and the prismatic effects which it afforded were most beautiful. The base, or groundwork, of amber crystal, was alone 70 ft. long, and the whole design contained more than 2000 square feet of iron. The fountains in the square were illuminated by means of the electric light, which was about intervals directed upon the Nelson monument. When, on these occasions, the statue at the top was lit up, the crowd burst into loud cheers at this homage to our great naval hero.

THE CLUBS AND WEST END.

The clubs, as might be expected, were conspicuous for the brilliant apparatus which they presented, and for the rich and elaborate nature of the devices which they displayed. The sister services, whether of the senior or junior branches, vied with each other to celebrate the auspicious event in the most appropriate manner. The political clubs were only anxious as to which should be the most brilliant; the feeling that was common to all; while the literary and literary associations supported the occasion to a high school motto, "Tempus est laus." The Marlborough and St. James's seemed to be in a first class, and were read almost impassable by the crowds which thronged them from an early hour in the evening. The same may be said of Regent street, Piccadilly, Oxford-street, and other leading West-end thoroughfares, where the usual devices were reproduced to infinity. One of the finest effects was produced by Mr. Poole, tailor to the Prince of Wales, in Saville-row. The device consisted of two columns supporting a central arch, flanked by transparencies of the Royal arms, with which exactly the whole device, extending completely over the first story of the building, was composed of pendent festoons of cut glass of various tints, illuminated by gas jets behind. This illumination was so popular and so well patronised that the police were ultimately compelled to regulate the approaches by limiting the stream of visitors to one direction only.

REJOICINGS IN THE COUNTRY.

Throughout the entire kingdom Tuesday was almost universally observed as a holiday, and festivities, decorations, and illuminations were liberally provided. Our space will only admit of our noticing a few of the principal cities and towns.

DUBLIN.

A display of fireworks from the Wellington Monument, in Phoenix Park, began at ten p.m., and tinged the sky for miles with the deepest crimson, whilst the acclamations of thousands rent the air. The navy-of-war at Kingstown engaged in a sham fight. The streets were densely thronged. A disturbance was anticipated from a collision between Trinity College students and the mob, but the people were orderly and good tempered. The view along the college and the bank, up Sackville-street, was splendid.

Accounts from the provincial districts of Ireland state that the day was enthusiastically observed, and that a spirit worthy of the occasion was everywhere displayed.

EDINBURGH.

The illuminations here were a great success. The leading thoroughfares were densely crowded all night with admiring spectators; the principal streets presented a spectacle surpassing in magnificence anything ever witnessed in Edinburgh. The Prince's-street Gardens, the Castle, and the Castle Rock, and the lofty buildings in the High-street, were brilliantly illuminated. The Scott Monument was tastefully lit up with innumerable gas-jets, and Nelson's Monument was also illuminated. A bonfire was lighted on the top of Arthur's Seat, fireworks were displayed from Salisbury Crags, and all Government offices and public buildings, and the hotels, leading shops, and places of business, were illuminated with devices, flags, transparencies, variegated lamps, &c.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD.

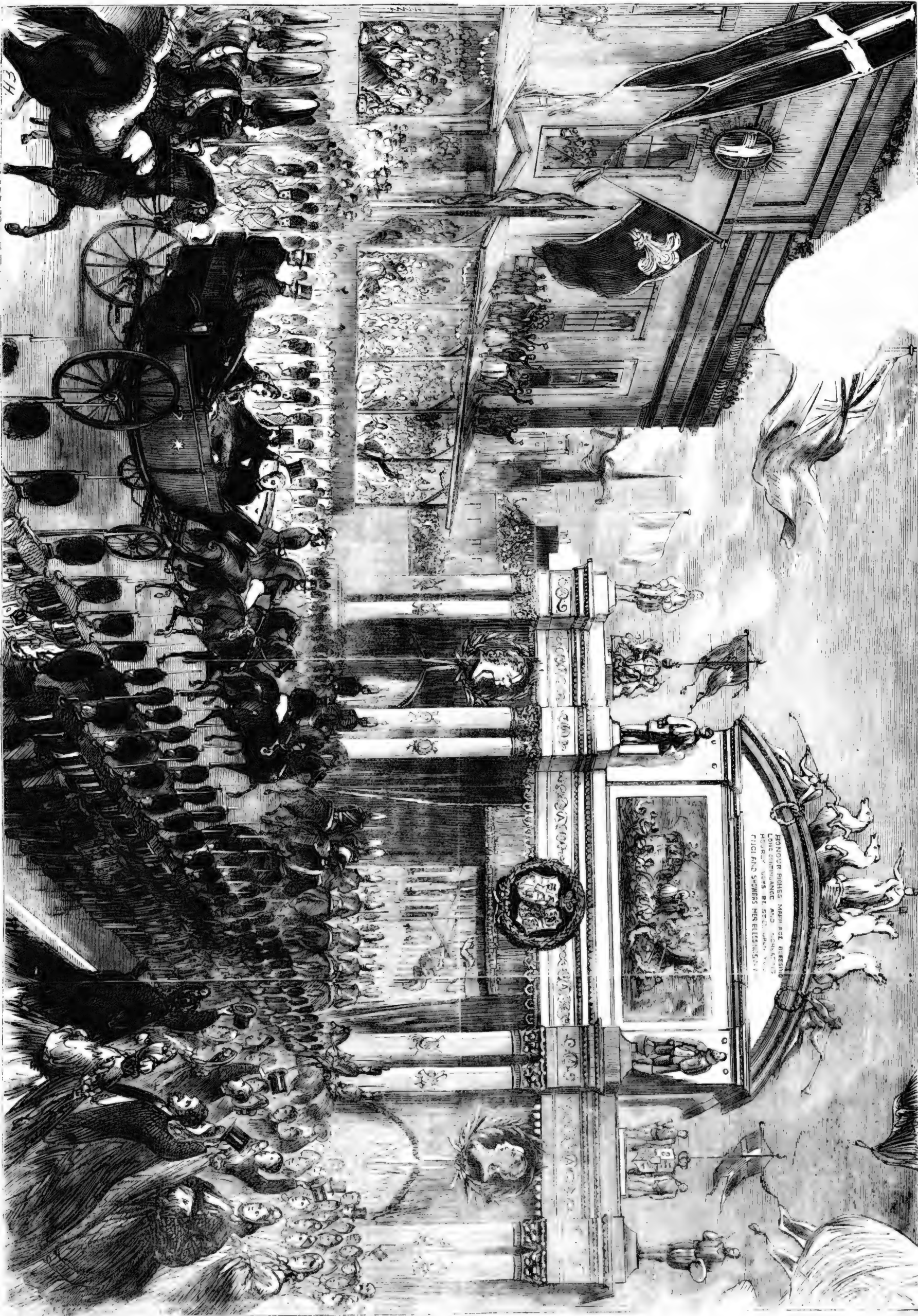
A close holiday was observed at these places. The streets were profusely decorated and crowded with spectators. The illuminations were very numerous and splendid; a special feature being the large number of private houses which had devices and illuminations. A large bonfire was lit on Kersal Moor. At noon the military and volunteers, under Sir George Weatherall, met in Peel Park, fired a feu-de-joie, and then proceeded through Salford and Manchester. There were also processions of the Foresters and the Bands of Hope. The distressed operatives met in Stevenson's-square, Manchester, at eleven o'clock, proposed and carried several loyal and political sentiments, and then marched to the racecourse, where about twenty outcrops of bread, made of the flour from America brought by the Achilles, were distributed.

LIVERPOOL.

Business was entirely suspended, and all day the inhabitants thronged the streets, which were handsomely decorated with flags, &c. The rifle and artillery volunteers and naval reserve marched in procession through the town, and the Mayor gave a banquet, and at night a ball to 2000 persons. Sixty thousand day and Sunday scholars were treated at the expense of the corporation. The shipping made a grand display of flags, and at night H.M.S. *Majestic* and the gun-boats were illuminated, also the public buildings and many private establishments. At Birkenhead the rejoicings were also general and hearty.

GLASGOW.

No such gay day has before been known in Glasgow, the city being entirely and absolutely en feu. At three o'clock the Lord



THE ENTRY OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT LONDON BRIDGE.

FRANCE.

ITALY.

./ITZERLAND.

GREECE.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

TURKEY.

DENMARK.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

BARBARITIES OF THE RUSSIANS.

LANGIEWCIZ,

STATE OF FEELING IN WARSAW.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

MILITARY NEWS

GENERAL NEWS.

THE PROVINCES.

A YANKEE DUEL,

THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON IN A "DIFFICULTY."—The Marquis of Hartington and Colonel Leslie attended a masked ball in the Fifth Avenue, New York. In the course of the evening a lady in a domino approached. His Lordship seized a Confederate badge on her breast. He laughingly took it away and they parted about. A friend invited to Colonel Leslie's house and told him of the incident. He was surprised, and, in the morning, he called on the Marquis and, in conversation, he told him of the incident. The Marquis, in turn, told him of the incident. The Marquis, in turn, told him of the incident. The Marquis, in turn, told him of the incident.

ROYAL ARRIVAL POETRY.

A WELCOME-BY THE POET LAUREATE

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,

Alexandra!

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!

Welcome her, blinding cheer of the street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet!

Heater the blossom under her feet!

Break, happy land, into carol flowers!

Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers.

Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet blare!

Flage, flatter out upon turrets and towers!

Flames, on the windy sea-land, flare!

Utter your jubilee, sceptre and spear!

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!

Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the seas,

O joy to the people and joy to the Throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Touton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

Mr. Aytoun refers more directly to the wedding:-

— The long expected hour has come;
And, in its bright array,
Moves to the altar the bride and groom,
O happy, happy day!
The bride and groom, the bride and groom,
The princely bridegroom and his peerless bride,
So beautiful and fair.
He, England's Royal son and stately heir,
She, daughter of the far-descended Dane.
And now the knot is tied—
The marriage vows are taken;
No longer are they twain,
And nought but death shall ever them divide!
Blest be the hour! Proclaim it to the hills,
Let the loud cannon thunder forth our glad
Over mountains, rivers, plains, and coasts and hills,
Speed the glad signal, speed the glad news,
Speed it along with lightning speed,
From Dover rolling to the coast of France,
From Dover rolling to the coast of France,
As it rings swift from some oblique shore,
Each fortress thunders and each cliff echoes;
Each lesser height prolongs the loud refrain,
Wide through the land the joyful message goes;
From where the hoary heap of Thetis,
Great Arthur's hold, frowns o'er the western main,
To that huge buttress of the northern sea,
Smote by the Pentland's swell,
Whence, dimly seen through tempest and through rain,
Loom far away the stormy Orkneys.

Thus rejoicing and calling upon the three kingdoms to rejoice, the finger begins to descend upon the charms of the bride who has achieved the conquest of English hearts; and he naturally thinks of other Danish conquests:-

Not such was England in the times of yore.
Back roll the years, as roll the clouds away—
And lo, the vision of a shelving shore!
Black ships are tossing on the surly bay—
Thick on the strand the uncouth warriors stand,
Stalwart and fierce, in terrible array—
Seel in their van the grim Berserkers lead
The raven banner flapping in the air—
They climb the cliffs! Arm, men of England, arm!
Rush to the fight, be resolute and bold!
No wandering pirates master on the plain,
No puny foeman threat the Saxon hold—
Strike for your lives and homes! It is the conquering Dane!

He enlarges on this theme, painting vigorously the horrors of ancient war, and then, returning to the contrast of to-day, gives this good greeting to the Princess:-

Fair as a poet's dream, serenely bright,
Vivid in the charm of maiden modesty,
The Rose of Denmark comes, the Royal Bride!
O best-loved Rose! our paragon and pride,
Cherish of the Prince whom England holds so dear—
What homage shall we pay
To one who has no peer?
What can the bard or wilder minstrel say
More than the peasant, who, on bended knee,
Breathes from his heart an earnest prayer for thee?
Words are not fair, if that they would express
Is fairer still; so lovers in dismay
Stand all abashed before that loveliness.
They worship most, but find no words to pray.
Too sweet for incense! Take our loves instead
Most freely, truly, and devoutly given;
Our prayer for blessings on that gentle head,
For earthly happiness and rest in Heaven!
May never sorrow dim those dovelike eyes,
But peace as pure as reigns in Paradise,
Calm and untainted as Creation's eve,
Attend thee still! May holy angels keep
Watch o'er thy path, and guard thee in thy sleep
Long years of joy and mutual love be thine,
And all that mortals ask or can receive
Of benediction from the Hand Divine!

The poem closes with a similar greeting to the Prince; but we have quoted so largely that we must leave this as well as some other passages untouched. It will be seen from the foregoing extracts that the ode is full of spirit, and well worthy of perusal as a whole. Connected as it is with a great historical event, it will, no doubt, hereafter have historical importance.

ACCIDENTS DURING THE ROYAL PROCESSION.—In the pressure and excitement consequent upon the passing of the procession on Saturday through Pall-mall East, several women were thrown down and severely injured. Mrs. Lydia Constable, of 31, Cleveland-street, was trampled under foot, and for some time was in imminent danger. Her shoulder was dislocated, and she received severe contusions. She was removed to Charing-cross Hospital. At the same time Miss Searle, of 31, St. Martin's-lane, was thrown down and received injuries of a similar character. Several others were also injured, and had to be conveyed to the same institution, where their requirements were attended to by the house surgeon. A boy named Smith was so badly injured by a kick from a horse, received near London Bridge, that he was removed to Guy's Hospital, where the operation of amputation was performed, and his life is despaired of. A cruel outrage was committed in the same street upon a boy named James Edward Blatch, aged thirteen years. He got hold of a shilling that had been foolishly thrown from a window amongst the crowd. A man immediately knelt him down, and then fell, sitting on his face, and remained in that position until the poor boy gave up the shilling. The boy had to be carried to the hospital, where he was found to have sustained injuries to the face. At other hospitals several persons came for the surgeons to dress wounds received in fights for places, and in one instance from a blow from a policeman's staff. During the dreadful crush which took place in the crowd endeavouring to pass through the iron gates at the entrance of Hyde Park, after the procession passed through, a poor woman with an infant in her arms must have been crushed to death through her anxiety to save her child, when a volunteer officer, who it was afterwards ascertained was Lieutenant Hamley, of the Duke of Cornwall's Rifle Volunteers, seized it out of the arms of the mother, and carried, and was carried with it, holding it up as high as he could, across the road at Hyde Park-corner, and down about fifty yards in the Green Park, when he laid it down almost exhausted; and although many who had witnessed Lieutenant Hamley's conduct offered to take the child, he refused to leave it until the mother came. The mother was pushed by the crowd down Piccadilly, and it was some time before she recovered her child. She was the wife of a brick-garman living somewhere in Piccadilly.

SHIPWRECK AT SHELDON.—On Sunday night, as the Stella steam-boat was towing in a craft, named the John Walker, laden with iron ore, and bound from Middlesbrough to the Tyne, the tow-ropes gave way. The South Shields pilots on the look-out were alarmed by shouts from the Stella, and immediately got out the Tyne life-boat, and pulled out to sea. They searched all about the bar and in the neighbourhood of the South Pier, but could see nothing of the unfortunate vessel, and had to return to port with the impression that she was lost. The crew were drowned. That impression has since been confirmed by a boat and a main hatch casting up at the South Pier. The crew of the John Walker consisted of two men, named Blackett (father and son), belonging to St. Anthony's.—On Monday morning, while a new brig, named the Telegraph, belonging to Hull—the captain of which refused the assistance of a pilot—was being towed in by the Brothers steam-tug, the tow-ropes gave way, and the vessel drove on to a reef of rocks, called Sparhawk. The crew were saved by the Northumberland life-boat; but there is every appearance that the vessel will be lost.

SINKING OF A RIVER STEAMER.—About noon on Saturday, at the height of the excitement attending the reception of Princess Alexandra, a Greenwich and Woolwich steamer, the Sybil, was completely wrecked at London Bridge. In passing the bridge she struck upon something, and immediately began to fill. Her passengers, between 200 and 300 in number, were greatly alarmed, but were all taken off safely in boats, and shortly afterwards the water completely covered the deck of the vessel. She is now a total wreck.

A TOWN COUNCILLOR IN TROUBLE.—A Liverpool town councillor visited London the other day with a friend, and got a county member to pass them into the Commons, and then afterwards into the Commons' gallery of the Lords. Here they became so interested that the M.P. had to leave them. They were copied by an official, who ordered them to retire. One of the gentlemen immediately did so, but the town councillor was conveyed to the limbo reserved for offenders against the privileges of the House. His M.P. friend was sent for, and, after much intercession, the town councillor was released on making an ample apology and paying a fine amounting to over £100.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE NIGER.

LIEUTENANT LEFROY, commanding Her Majesty's ship Investigator, in his ascent of the River Niger, an enterprise undertaken with a view to communicate with Dr. Baikie, the African explorer, has succeeded in reaching a higher point of that river than had hitherto been attained by a ship of war. On the 2nd of September he commenced the ascent. The current was strong, and some of the inhabitants of the banks were unfriendly; but the progress made was considerable, being about fifty miles a day. On the seventh day the expedition passed the large town of Iddah, supposed to contain upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, situated on a pretty hill 127 ft. in height. There is a large plain on the south side. The houses are round, and the natives dressed in the blue cloth of the country. This place, in the opinion of Mr. Lefroy, might be made the key of the Niger, as the deep-water channel is very narrow, so that the town entirely commands it. Igara is the name of the country, and the King of Iddah's territory reaches so far as the confluence. The scenery about Shooter's Sound is of a fine, picturesque description; hills, thickly wooded valleys, and mountains steep and rocky. "The country," says Mr. Lefroy, "might be turned to good account, and from what I have heard the natives would be glad to work the ground, only they are prevented by fear of King Massaba, who sends down his horsemen in the dry season and takes them for slaves. The land opposite Beaufort Sound grows Guinea corn, and the island itself has several farms on it." On the eleventh day they came to the last of Lieutenant Glover's charts that are printed; but still pushed forward. Fourteen days later, Mr. Lefroy arrived at the camp called Eddo, where he was to see the King Massaba. There, "Mr. Southwick and myself, accompanied by a guard of five kroomen, together with the head chief and others the King had sent to escort me to his presence, proceeded to the King's house, where we found him sitting on a mat, and another spread with cushions for Mr. Southwick and myself. He is a fine-looking man, and, from the great name he bears, just the man I expected to see. We had a little palaver and exchange of compliments, after which I presented him with the presents I brought. He seemed much pleased with the coat of mail, and said it showed him he was not forgotten in England. He then requested me to go and see his sons, whom I found in great numbers with the second King, ready to receive me. Some of them were remarkably fine men. I was then presented with some colobums, in accordance with the custom of the country, which broke up the palaver, and I returned to King Massaba, with whom I had a long palaver about Dr. Baikie. He informed me that he had gone to Kano after the papers and effects of a Dr. Vogel, who had been murdered there, and that he had recovered the papers; the King had given him horses and men, but did not seem pleased at his going. The camp here is on a very large scale, and I have been informed he has upwards of 5000 horsemen. His reason for being encamped is on account of an order from the Sultan of Sokoto to open the road between Bida and Sokoto, as the messengers were frequently robbed and murdered passing between those places; so that Massaba has taken the whole country, dethroning the Kings, and placing guards of his own men in their towns. The King spoke a good deal about Dr. Baikie and again expressed his dissatisfaction at his going away and not returning in time for the ship, as he had promised. Called on the King in the afternoon, and he told me he felt sure I would neither hear nor see Dr. Baikie this year, but promised to send his letters to Lagos whenever he received an answer." Mr. Lefroy returned by the road he had come, when he had proceeded some way a messenger from King Massaba arrived, informing him that the King had heard from Dr. Baikie, and that he was on his way back to the camp, and requested Mr. Lefroy to wait a few days longer; but Mr. Lefroy resolved not to wait, and dropped down the river, leaving us still in doubt as to Dr. Baikie's safety.

DOUBLE-SCREW STEAM-SHIPS.—An important improvement in naval architecture has recently been satisfactorily tested. The steamer Kate has been tried at the Nile with a double screw—an arrangement which enables her to steer herself rapidly and easily without any use of the rudder, and to turn with the greatest facility where ordinary steamers find the operation one of much difficulty. Should the rudder be shot away, the screws, which are not at all exposed to the enemy's shot, would still give complete steering power.

KOSSUTH ON THE POLISH QUESTION.—The Italian journals publish an address from Louis Kossuth to the Poles, which manifesto has two objects: the first, to prove that the Poles do not fight for "that incinerated rag called the treaties of 1815," the re-establishment of independent Poland being the only question; and the second, to show that they ought to be on their guard against the attitude which Austria assumes in the neutrality which she affects to observe.

A PETRIFIED MAN.—An American paper states that "a petrified man has just been found near Gravelly Ford, California. The shape of the body, which is stretched on a rock in a sleeping position, is perfectly preserved. One of the legs is slightly bent, and the other, which is a wooden leg, has also acquired the hardness of stone. On attempting to remove this inert mass, it was found to be firmly fixed to the stone on which it was discovered, a kind of cement formed by the humidity of the air and mineral concretions having formed a homogeneous and inseparable mass of the man and the rock. This natural statue, which ages will only render more solid and indestructible, is one of the greatest curiosities in the world."

THE POLISH QUESTION.—During the sitting of the Conference at Paris in 1856, Lord Clarendon, at the request of Count Walewski, spoke to Count Orloff on the subject of Poland, and suggested a more liberal policy towards the Poles, and also urged him to make some statements as to the intentions of the Czar towards his Polish subjects. Count Orloff said the Czar had determined to do everything which Lord Clarendon had suggested, but requested that the matter should not be mooted at the Congress, as it might deprive his Majesty of the grace of the spontaneous acts he meant to propose. Besides, Lord Clarendon had no right, he said, to interrogate him, and, if openly pressed, he would give an answer disheartening to the Polish nation. Lord Clarendon urged that a voluntary declaration on the part of the Emperor to the conference was desirable, and Count Orloff undertook to telegraph to St. Petersburg. The result was that the Czar declined to make any declaration respecting Poland, but promised to signalise his coronation by acts of grace, and that foreign intervention would delay such a result. Lord Palmerston, in acknowledging Lord Clarendon's despatch, approved of him not having pressed the matter too far.

THE RUSSIAN SERFS.—The two years' probation enforced by the Czar upon Russian serfs ended on Tuesday, the 3rd of March. On that day twenty millions of serfs became legally and practically free. The event—perhaps the greatest which has occurred in Europe since Luther burnt the Pope's bull—has passed over with no comment and, apparently, no disturbance. The difficulty in the way of the measure is not, however, removed. It is affirmed, though the statistics are very untrustworthy, that about one-fifth of the peasants have made agreements with their lords for the land, and the Government must either enforce some compromise on the remainder, or encounter a general revolt, or meet the proprietors' despair. At present its policy is, plainly, silence; but the broad results of the measure, so far as they threaten external order, ought to be known in England by April. Whatever they may be, Alexander II. has been the instrument of an act which may compensate for some of the sufferings inflicted by Kings on the generations of mankind.

WHAT NEXT?—A new feature in the application of gas to domestic purposes is said to be on the point of introduction here. Fire-flies of gold and brilliant already sparkle upon the graceful white feathers and fresh green leaves that adorn the brows of some of our youthful queens. Clusters of diminutive gaslights are now to spring from the elaborate tresses of beautiful matrons; the jets will issue from burners measuring a twentieth of an inch per hour, within transparent shades exquisitely cut, not larger than a cherry. The tubing is to be of solid gold, connected with a reservoir of the same valuable metal, which is to be concealed in the meshes of luxuriant hair behind the head. The pressure will be applied to the golden tank, which is supported by an elaborate back comb, the top of which forms a row of little gaslights. Before entering the ballroom the husband will "turn on the gas," light up his blushing bride, and usher her into her sphere of conquest, revolving like her prototype, the moon, among the lesser lights around.—*American Gaslight Journal.*

AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.—In the course of the trial it was very distressing to notice the indications of marked inferiority of mind that his whole conduct evinced. He beckoned in the middle of the trial to a settler whom he recognised in court, and said he wanted to speak to him. On approaching the dock the prisoner whispered to the settler, in a tone sufficiently loud, however, to be quite audible by me, "Lend me sixpence, and I'll give it to that fellow up there (pointing to me upon the bench), and he'll let me off." At another stage of the trial he told me that, if I would let him off, "he would row me down to Sydney in a boat for nothing," a distance of 700 miles of the Pacific Ocean. The inferiority of his remarks was indeed lost in the solemnity of the occasion on which they were uttered, for he was on trial for his life.—*Therry's "Thirty Years"*

NUPTIAL ODE.—BY PROFESSOR AYTOUN.
Professor Aytoun has produced an ode which is worthy of his reputation, and which reflects the general feeling better than any similar composition that has yet been published. With regard to this feeling and Mr. Aytoun's expression of it we have but one remark to make. It is suggested by an undertone of sad memory which cannot be entirely suppressed, but makes itself heard now and again amid the noise of jubilee. There is, of course, especial reason why, in connection with the particular event which now gladdens the heart of the nation, some plaintive thoughts should arise. But it seems to us not only that this plaintiveness is in some degree suited to the occasion, but also that, on every occasion of merry-making, English poets like to relieve the brightness of joy by some darker shades of feeling, and do not readily give themselves up to the tumult of unmixed delight which we find in the ancient poetry. The most popular of our religious poets, who may be supposed to express a general feeling, since his work, "The Christian Year," has a sale measured by the hundred thousand, tells us in the lyric which he has devoted to marriage that there is an awe in the joy of mortals, and that in all the pleasant excitement of a wedding a deep mysterious fear fills half the heart. It is a characteristic discovery that distinguishes modern from classical poetry. The contrast so often recurs that a German critic sees in it an explanation of the entire difference between ancient and modern art. He says that classical poetry is the poetry of enjoyment, while our modern and romantic poetry is the expression, not of enjoyment but of desire. This is stating the case too broadly; but it is a fact which a comparison of ancient with modern epithalamiums would abundantly prove, that our poets take much more naturally to the expression of sorrow than to that of unmixed delight. For one that can sing ecstasies ten can pour forth grief.

The favour of the season furnishes the most obvious thought to a poet who would celebrate the nuptials of the Prince; and Mr. Aytoun begins his ode as follows:—

Pass from the earth, deep shadows of the night,
Give place and vantage to the rosy dawn;
For now the sullen Winter takes his flight,
His dreary robes withdrawn:
Coy as a maiden moves the wavering snow,
With dainty step across the emerald lawn,
Her tresses fair with primrose garland crown.
Hark! how the woods and bursting thicket ring
With the glad notes of love and wedding;
The twitter of delight, the restless call
Of myriad birds that hold their festival
When leaves begin to sprout and flowers to blow.
"O joyous time!" "Is this I hear them say,
Each to its mate upon the laughing spray,
"O happy time! Winter hath passed away,
Cold, rugged winter, with its stormy crew,
And all the sadness of the stormy year.
Be glad, be glad! the pleasant days are near,
The days of mirth, and love, and joy supreme,
The long-expected days for which we pine!
Flow on, for ever flow, thou wondrous stream,
Thou art the life of us, and thickets and trees
Who use the washline, and the clambour and reel
For us, there is no rest;
But we shall build our nest
In some dim coppice where the violet blows;
And then shalt thou be to us the living Nile,
When hush'd, and still, and calm, thou dost
We pass from winter to spring to repeat!"

But here comes a note of sadness, for the poet is reminded of another winter which is passing away:—

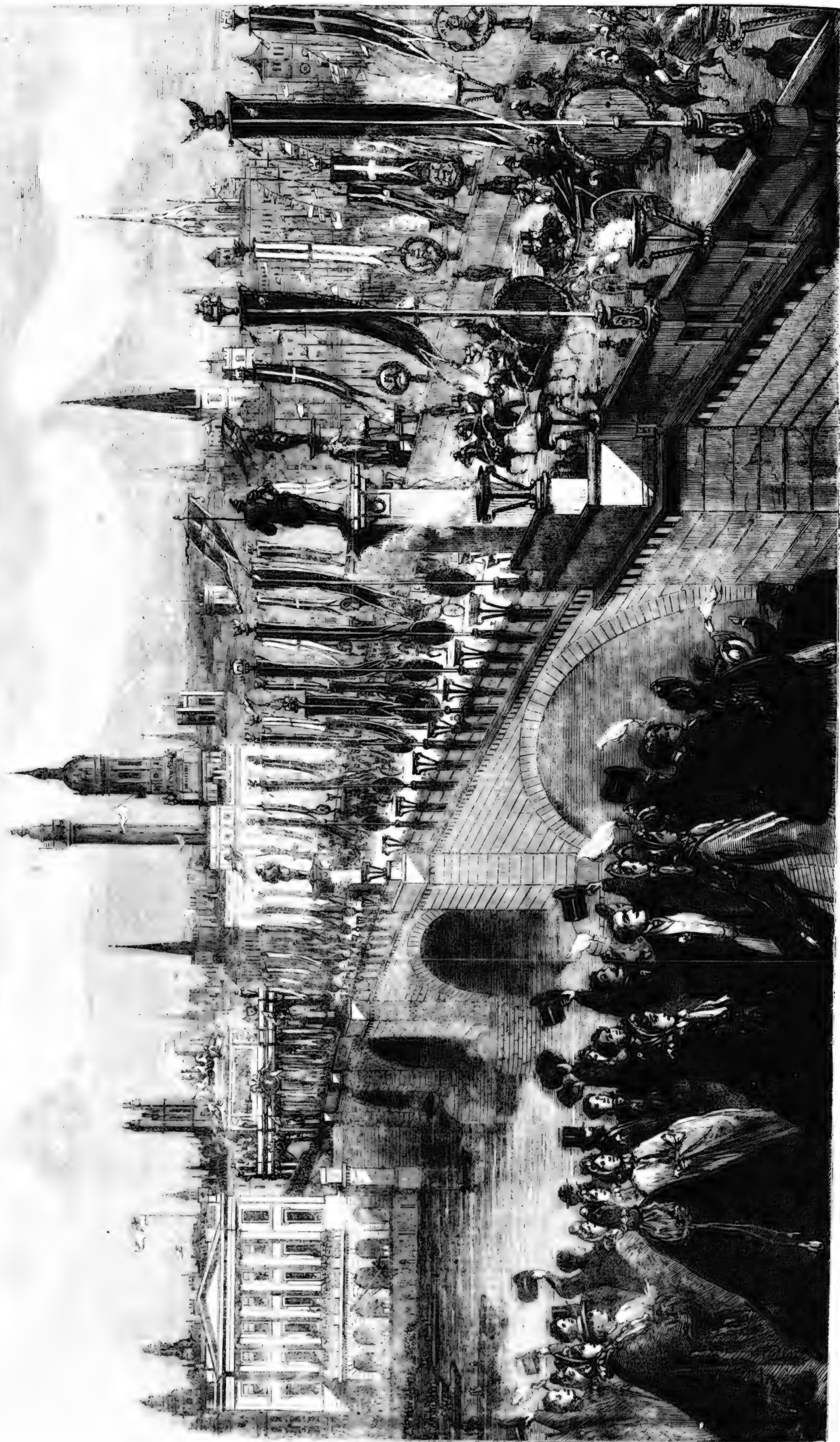
Lay we the sombre weeds of mourning by,
And hail the advent of the genial sun,
No longer overcast
By woe's clouds that with their curtain dun,
And evil-omen'd pall,
Made dark the year of our calamity.
O ruthless year! sad and unbless'd to all;
Most fraught with anguish to the heart of One,
Who evermore shall mourn,
Left of her lord, her lover, and her stay!
In awe and silence veil that sacred urn,
Quit the dim vault, and pass into the day!
Not ours with impious pious to ensure doom,
Or martyr, when we rather need to pray.
"God could His servant serve—His will be done!"
What more can in this day be?
Enough of tears shed;
Unwept death, and unwept the dead,
And vain repining but proud is the tomb!

Two strophes follow, in which the poet pays his homage to the virtues of the departed Prince, and expresses his sympathy in the prolonged sorrow of the Queen; but he suddenly turns to a brighter mood. He cries:—

Rejoice, brave England, through thy fertile plains,
Thy happy cities and thy peaceful towns,
Thy happy homes where peace and plenty reigns,
Thy shores that, richer far than marble walls,
The Roman emperors could not build;
Oland of worship, joyous and true,
Let every voice unite in glad acclaim
To swell the chorus of our jubilee!
Awake the echoes that have slumber'd long,
Or answer faintly to another hail;
Awake them with the shout that, loud and strong,
Rang out from cliff to cliff when, smother'd in mail,
Victorious Edward trod the English shore,
Fresh from the wars in France, with nobler spoil
Than ever conquering captain home did bring.
Then myriad voices rose in glad turmoil—
"The Prince! the Prince!" they cried; and over more
Swell'd up the shout like ocean's gathering roar,
And burst in deluge of delicious joy:
The while, with modest grace, the hero-boy
Bareheaded rode beside the captive King.

After describing the happier days that have dawned upon us now, when—

No longer rings the clangour of the fight;
No more the balefire on the mountain brow
Sends up its ruddy signal to the night;
No huge Armada vex the narrow seas,
No angry maelstrom on the tide;



THE ROYAL CARRIAGE CROSSING LION ON BRIDGE.

THE ROYAL CARriage PASSING ALONG THE ROUTE OF VOLUNTEERS IN HYDE-PARK.



INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 202.

WHAT ARE THESE?

ONE night last week, whilst the House was busily employed, two strange, weird-looking figures stole through the doorway and took their stand below the bar. They were two Judges—Blackburn of the Queen's Bench, and Williams of the Common Pleas. They had come down from the Lords, according to ancient custom, to announce that "My Lords" had passed the Prince of Wales's Annuity Bill without alteration. And there they stood, in their singular robes and heavy wigs, the observed of all observers. At first a feeling of surprise ran through the House; and then there came questions and remarks—"Who are they?" "What do they want?" "What queer-looking figures!" "Are they men or women?" And no wonder. It always strikes a stranger when he first sees a robed Judge upon the Bench that the costume is very odd, and ugly; but a robed Judge, walking or standing, is surely one of the most incongruous, oddest, and ugliest of figures that ever met the eye. That enormous wig; the long, cumbersome, furred gown; that queer, unmeaning thing that hangs down at the back. And then the colour of the robe. What is it? It looks like faded purple. A member standing at the bar suggested that originally it was purple, but that the colour had been partially washed out. After the first feeling of surprise there came a suppressed titter, and my Lords, the Queen's Justices, must have felt that they were in anything but a dignified position. But the worst had not come yet. Soon Mr. Speaker gave a signal to the Serjeant-at-Arms, and that high functionary immediately proceeded to the table and informed Mr. Speaker that there were Judges awaiting at the bar with a message from the Lords. "Bring them up," said Mr. Speaker; and then Mr. Serjeant, taking the mace from the table, returned to the bar to conduct these august messengers to the table to deliver their message in due form. In a hurried manner the Serjeant instructed them what they were to do. "You must walk on my left hand; you must bow when I bow; when you have delivered your message you must walk backwards and again bow as you retire." Simple rules these; and one would have thought they might be easily understood, and easily obeyed, especially as there was a practised fagman at hand. But they were not obeyed; on the contrary, no awkward squad ever got into more confusion than did these two venerable personages. In the first place, the Serjeant-at-Arms could not drill them into a line; one lagged behind; then, when he discovered his error, rushed impetuously forward; and as to the bowing, it was the most ludicrous thing that eye ever saw. As one said, it was neither a volley of bows nor a fer-de-joué. When the Serjeant's head was down the Judges' heads were up, or one was up and the other down. Of course, as these were august personages, and this was a message from the Lords the members did all they could to repress their mirth; but the effort was vain. At first there came an audible titter, then unmitigated laughter; and at last, when, on retiring backwards, the squad got into still greater confusion, there broke forth an irrepressible explosion, in which neither Speaker nor Serjeant-at-Arms could help joining, and in the midst of which our two venerable friends turned round before they had fairly got to the bar and hurried out of the House. "We seem to have caused merriment, brother," said one Judge to the other, gravely, as they passed across the lobby.

MESSAGES FROM THE LORDS.

And now, as it is our object in writing these articles to give our readers instruction as well as amusement, we will say a few words about this curious ceremony. Formerly, messages from the Lords to the Commons were always, as a rule, sent by Masters in Chancery, or, on special occasions, by two Judges; and so jealous were the Commons on the subject that when Judges being on circuit and Masters in Chancery not to be found, messages were sent by the Clerk of Parliament. "My Lords" always sent an apology for the infringement of the rule, and the Commons recorded the event in a minute, accepting the apology and expressing a hope that the infringement of the rule would not be drawn into a precedent. But in 1847 the Commons made a standing order that in future they were willing to receive messages by the hand of one Master in Chancery, instead of two, as heretofore; and this practice continued until about four years ago, when a further change was made, and the Commons agreed to receive messages by the hands of the Clerk in Parliament. When the Master in Chancery appeared at the bar business was stopped that he might march to the table and deliver his message. This was inconvenient, and the Commons at length determined to sacrifice their dignity to their convenience; and now, when the Clerk of Parliament comes down with messages that certain bills are passed, &c., he stands at the bar, one of the clerks at the table goes to him, takes the messages, and, at the close of the business of the evening, reports them to the House. But it appears that when these changes were made messages concerning grants to the Royal family were excepted; they, it was ruled, were to be delivered, as heretofore, by Judges, and hence the scene described above. And, as grants to the Royal family are not now common occurrences, the rule will probably be maintained, albeit it is questionable whether it is consistent with the dignity of either the House or the Judges that such scenes should occur.

THE BRAZIL DEBATE.

The only debate of any importance during the past week was that on the Brazilian question; and this, albeit it began badly, was really a very lively discussion. Mr. Bramley-Moore opened the ball. It was because he is a Liverpool merchant, and especially interested in the Brazilian trade, we suppose, that he undertook this task. But it is one thing to understand a matter and another to expound it. Mr. Bramley-Moore no doubt had this business clear enough in his mind, but he quite failed to make it clear to the House, and, after an hour's dull, tedious, and inconclusive harangue, the majority of the members knew very little more than they did before he began. Fortunately for Mr. Moore, the subject was interesting if he was not; and if he could not throw much light upon it there were many prepared to speak who could, or he would certainly have been counted out. Mr. Collier, Q.C., was there, "full to the bung," come up from circuit specially prepared to aid the Government, with an eye, as all lawyers have, to the future. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sat taking notes, and in an unusual fit of mood, from which we gathered that he, too, meant to have a go in. Cobden, too, was present, attentively listening, or at all events calmly waiting, evidently full of matter and intending a speech. And on the Treasury bench Mr. Layard sat, with open box before him and pen and paper, ever and anon jotting memoranda down, as also were the Attorney and Solicitor Generals; and so, all being thus prepared, and the subject being attractive, Mr. Bramley-Moore was suffered to drag on through his inevitable hour without interruption, if without attention. Mr. Collier, as soon as Mr. Moore sat down, leaped on to his feet and rushed, as it were, to the defence of the Government; but him, readers, we did not hear, and for these reasons why:—Mr. Collier is a lawyer, and lawyers' speeches are to us, whether they be Parliamentary or forensic, a wearisomeness to the flesh and to the spirit; and for these reasons—reasons for a reason—they are, as a rule, dull, prosy, and uninteresting, if not repulsive, and they are inspired by no sincerity; for, except on rare occasions, your lawyer, whether in Parliament or at the Bar, never speaks *ex animo* but *ex officio*. His inspiration is never that of the heart, but that of the pocket; and if he is earnest, he is earnest for his future fame, position, and emolument, and not for the truth. And who can feel interest in speeches inspired by such a motive as this? Mr. Collier's speech was clever—very, we are told; but, as Cobden remarked, the wig and gown were always before the eye of the hearer. Indeed, Mr. C. once so far forgot his position that he addressed the House as the jury. And, again, it was feeding-time, and so we adjourned from the gallery to the refreshment-rooms, changed the venue, as the lawyers have it, and talked the matter over with a friend, discussing a chop and kidneys the while. When we returned, after an hour's absence, Mr. Collier was still on his legs. Soon, however, he sat down; and then for some seconds there was a pause. Nobody got up to speak, and the initiated thought that the debate was about to close. But there was no thought of that amongst the knowing ones. The pause arose thus. Mr.

Fitzgerald meant to speak; and so did the Solicitor General; and so did Mr. Layard, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; but each wanted the other to rise first, or rather the Government officials determined that Mr. Fitzgerald should expend his fire before they expended theirs, and so the opponents sat on the watch for each other. But at last Mr. Speaker made a move, and then Mr. Fitzgerald unwillingly rose. But Mr. Fitzgerald is a lawyer, too, is he not? Yes; but he does not practise now. He long ago left the Bar, and is now a country gentleman, and has been once, for a short time, Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, and aspires to hold that position again; and therefore a word or two about him, but only a word or two.

MR. FITZGERALD.

Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald is unquestionably a clever man, and more than once he has made speeches which have attracted attention, elicited applause, and gained him credit. His speeches, however, generally are not attractive. They are argumentative. He is mostly well up and correct in his facts, and correct, for the most part, in his reasoning; but they are lifeless, spiritless, and conversational more than oratorical; and delivered in such an easy, lazy, unimpassioned manner that, unless you are deeply interested in his subject, you find it difficult to screw up your attention to the requisite pitch for following his argument. Nothing can be more utterly unimpassioned than Mr. Fitzgerald's manner. He leans upon the table with his elbow in the most easy manner, and seems to say, not only by his manner but by the monotonous tone of his voice, "Come, now, I am not going to make a speech, but just to have a little talk upon this matter." In fact, he speaks in the House just as he would talk in the drawing-room; and it is only the pertinency of his talk, and his knowledge of his subject, and the ability which he displays, that saves him from being a bore. Mr. Fitzgerald is of Irish extraction, we are told; but, if this be so, he is a most exceptional Milesian; for he has neither the wit, fluency, animal spirit, nor illogical mind of a true Hibernian. Mr. Cobden spoke, and Sir Roundell Palmer. But of these we shall say nothing. We have often spoken of the first, and shall have many opportunities of speaking about the second.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

The most remarkable speech of the evening, we decide, was that which was delivered by Lord Robert Cecil. Lord Robert is not a frequent speaker, and when he speaks he does not often produce any great effect; indeed, we have often seen him upon his legs and the House hardly decorously silent the while. But on this occasion the noble Lord was up to his work, and delivered a very clever and telling harangue. But we are not going to describe the speech. Let those who wish to know what it was turn to the morning papers. We will leave the speech, and say something of the man. Lord Robert Cecil is second son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and a descendant of that able, crabbed old Sir Robert Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's Lord High Treasurer, whose abilities and infirmities of temper, in some degree, the noble Lord seems to inherit. Lord Robert has been in the House ten years. He came heralded by great expectations, which he has not fulfilled. He had done well at college; he was known to possess talent; and it was anticipated that he would be a great gain to the Conservative party; but he has not justified these anticipations. As a rule, he does not impress the House by his oratory, and he has never attained to a high position in the House. How this has happened we think it would not be difficult to answer. He is haughty and proud, and of an intractable temper. He cannot submit to party discipline. In short, he is one of those refractory coils which no circumstances, and not even ambition, can tame to run in harness. Moreover, he is too Conservative for modern times. He is a High Churchman. In politics he is a Tory. His motto in politics and religion is, "No surrender!" The nation may have outgrown its vestures, but he would not enlarge or alter them for the world. He is not the man to stretch the old formula to meet the new facts. He would rather, by all the force he could command, compress the facts into the old formula. In short, he is a man of a past age, has no sympathy with the life, and stir, and growth of the present, and no belief in the future. And we suspect, moreover, that his habits are those of a recluse, and that he loves the calm retirement of the study better than the bustle, and activity, and anxiety of the bureau. We should decide that this is so from his appearance. He is only thirty-three years old, but he looks at least ten years older; and his pale face and somewhat stooping figure seem to show that poring over books is more congenial to his taste than the sports of the field or the intellectual combats which lead to Parliamentary fame.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

A short discussion took place on the *Illegitimate Children (Ireland) Bill*. Lord Lilford moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months, but it was ultimately ordered that it should be referred to a Select Committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE DISPUTE WITH BRAZIL.

Mr. BRAMLEY-MOORE called attention to the papers and correspondence laid upon the table with reference to Brazil, and moved the following resolution:—"That this House has learned with regret the interruption of amicable relations between this country and Brazil; and this House expresses the desire that her Majesty's Government may take such measures to restore a cordial understanding between the two countries as may be consistent with the character and honour of this country, having, at the same time, a just regard to the dignity and honour of a friendly and independent power." The hon. gentleman said that our recent misunderstanding with Brazil had arisen out of the circumstances which followed the wreck of the *Prince of Wales*, merchant-ship, on the coast of Rio Grande. A suspicion had been created in the minds of Mr. Verker, our Consul on the spot, and of Mr. Christie, our Minister at Rio Janeiro, that the cargo of the ship had been plundered, and that its crew had been murdered by the population along the shore; and Earl Russell, acting upon that suspicion, had insisted on obtaining from the Brazilian Government, by way of reparation, a sum of £25,000. But there was no evidence to justify the assumption that the crew and cargo of the *Prince of Wales* had been subjected to any special violence. The people of the district where the vessel was lost were a humane and hospitable race; and it was only natural to infer from the nature of the cargo that it perished in the wreck. The unusual and unfriendly course pursued by our Government in the matter had excited very great and natural irritation in Brazil, and he earnestly hoped that the House of Commons, by adopting the present resolution, would do all that lay in their power to diminish that feeling, and to restore our former amicable relations with a nation who had many reasons desirable that we should maintain the most intimate alliance.

Mr. COLLIER defended the Government and its agents, who, he said, had acted according to international law, and who, he hoped, had rendered a service to Brazil and to humanity by the course they had adopted.

Lord R. Cecil and Mr. C. Bentinck supported the motion, and Mr. Buxton defended the Government.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD contended that the local Brazilian authorities had throughout these occurrences acted in conformity with Brazilian law, and that the conduct of the Brazilian Government had been considerate and dignified. It was said that the Government of this country had offered to refer the matter to arbitration; but the fact was that they had only proposed to make the amount of the compensation a subject of arbitration, while they had absolutely insisted on the principle that the Government of Brazil should be held responsible for events over which they could have had no possible control.

Mr. LAYARD defended the Government, and stated if the motion were carried it would be impossible for the Government to protect the honour and interests of the nation.

Mr. COBDEN, who contended that the evidence before them respecting the transactions in question, failed to establish any ground for the action taken by the Government. He, however, resumed and stated that he meant to withdraw his resolution, and to rest content with a general expression of opinion in support of it which the debate had elicited. This advice was accepted, and ultimately the motion was withdrawn.

MONDAY, MARCH 9.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

IMPROVEMENT OF PROPERTY.

On the motion of Earl GREY a select committee was appointed to inquire whether the powers already given to landowners to charge their estates with terminable annuities for the purpose of improving by drainage should be

extended, so that money could in the same way be laid out in railways calculated to increase the value of properties.

THE CITY POLICE AND THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

The Earl of DALHOUSIE complained of the confusion created in the City on Saturday in consequence of the defective arrangements of the City police, and recommended the amalgamation of that force with the metropolitan police.

The Duke of NEWCASTLE said the subject should receive the consideration of the Government.

The House then adjourned till Thursday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE BUDGET.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER stated that the Budget was brought forward on the earliest possible day after Easter.

ENGLISH POLICE IN WARSAW.

Sir G. GREY, in answer to a question from Mr. Hennessy, said that application had been made by the Russian Government that detached officers should be sent from London to Warsaw. He added, however, that July last the Russian Ambassador wrote to him that the Grand Constantine, who very much admired our police system, would like to have some such information as would enable the authorities at Warsaw to assimilate the police system of Poland to that of England. This was sent to the Chief Commissioner of Police, and Sir Robert Peel, and Inspector Whicker, of the detective force, were in August requested to give the required information. The Russian authorities had been told that the English system would not work in Poland. He declined to sign the Russian Ambassador's letter on the table, and said that no written instructions had been given to the police officers who were sent out.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE SYSTEM.

Mr. ADDERLEY introduced the question of our ticket-of-leave system, and moved an address to the Crown praying that, pending the inquiry of the Royal Commission on the subject, the terms on which tickets of leave granted might be rigidly enforced. He contended that there had been neglect in this matter, and that if the existing law were enforced much mischief was now complained of would be removed.

Sir G. GREY said there would be much inconvenience in dealing with the matter while the Commission was sitting, and denied that the practice had been as lax as it had been described by Mr. Adderley.

The debate was continued for some time, and eventually Mr. Adderley withdrew his motion.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

The House having gone into Committee of Supply, Sir G. LEWIS introduced the Army Estimates. In doing so he expressed a hope that the increase in the expense of the Army had reached its culmination point two years ago. Last year there was a decrease, and this year the decrease again was as nearly as possible one million. One reason of this was that it was not thought advisable to increase to any extent the expenditure until the experiments which were going on with regard to Army and other guns were completed. He justified the manner in which the Estimates were presented, declared that as an army of defence the Army was in good condition, and concluded by moving that 148,242 men be voted for the ensuing year.

The Estimates underwent a lengthened criticism from various members but eventually the vote was agreed to.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AFFIRMATIONS BILL.

Sir J. TRELAWNY moved the second reading of this bill, substituting affirmations in lieu of oaths in certain cases. He described the state of the law, and the manner in which it had been altered in respect to Quakers, Jews, Moravians, and others. He then proceeded to point out what he considered the inconveniences, absurdities, and practical evils of the present state of the law. Into the policy of oaths in general he would not now enter. In the words of our exquisite Liturgy, we prayed that our magistrates might have grace to execute justice and to maintain truth; whereas, under the present state of the law, they were compelled to execute injustice and to maintain lies.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved an amendment that the bill be read a second time that day six months. The prevailing practice had been to allow oaths to be taken in the form most binding on a man's conscience, and the proposed bill, he contended, would not by any means be an improvement.

Mr. ROEBUCK, Sir F. GOLDSMID, Mr. LOCKE, Mr. INGHAM, Mr. CONINGHAM, and Sir G. DOUGLAS supported the bill; which was opposed by Mr. HERLE and Mr. KNIGHTLEY. On a division, the bill was rejected by a majority 142 to 96.

SECURITY FROM VIOLENCE BILL.

Mr. ADDERLEY moved the second reading of this bill, the main feature of which was the introduction of whipping amongst the punishment of gaolers.

Lord LOVAINIE seconded the motion, which, after some discussion, was carried by a majority of 131 to 68.

Next week will be published

A DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

containing several additional Engravings connected with the Reception of Princess Alexandra, including a Page Illustration of the Young Princess of Gravesend Strewing Flowers in the Path of the Princess on the Terrace Pier—The Civic and Royal Processions—An elaborate Representation of the Deputations of the City Companies, their numerous Banners and Devices, Costumes of the various Liverymen, the Sheriffs and Mayor's State Carriages, the Royal Cortège, &c.—View of the Procession passing St. Paul's Cathedral—The Royal Procession, headed by Authorities of Westminster, passing Trafalgar-square—The arrival of Prince and Princess at the Paddington Station—Their Progress through Eton and Windsor—Passing beneath the Triumphal Arch adjoining Eton College—The Triumphal Arch and Decorations at Windsor—The Royal Marriage Procession proceeding to St. George's Chapel—The Great Hall adjoining St. George's Chapel—The Bride's Retiring-room—The Bride's Procession, embracing Portraits of all the Bridesmaids—The Bridegroom's Procession up the Choir—Elaborate Engraving of the Marriage Ceremony, with the figures on a large scale, and including Portraits of all the distinguished individuals present on the *haut pas*—Interior of the Royal Closet—The Bride and Bridegroom's Procession—Departure of the Bride and Bridegroom from Windsor Castle—Their Arrival at Southampton—Their Passage across to Osborne, Arrival at Osborne House, with various Engravings of the Illuminations, and numerous other interesting Illustrations.

The ILLUSTRATED TIMES of March 7, forming the first of the series of Royal Marriage Numbers, contained a variety of Engravings relative to Princess Alexandra and her family, including Portraits of Prince and Princess of Denmark—View of their Summer Palace near Copenhagen—Views of Sandringham Hall, the Hunting Seat, and Marlborough House, the Town Residence of the Prince of Wales—Portraits of twenty former Princes and Princesses of Wales, engraved from the best authorities, and accompanied by Memoirs, and of all the various Princes of Wales and Heirs Apparent to the British Crown, including records of their marriages, &c., and embracing much curious and interesting information. With this Number were also issued large Portraits of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra, enclosed in an elaborate and tastefully-designed framework, and carefully printed on a separate sheet of paper.

Price of the Number and Supplement 4d., or free by post for 6 stamps.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

LONDON MAKING HOLIDAY.

THE holiday and pageant of Saturday last are, perhaps, in no way more remarkable than from the fact that both were spontaneous demonstrations of popular feeling. They derived no suggestion, scarcely more than a reluctant aid, from the authorities, to whom the people are accustomed to look for direction in matters of public rejoicing.

The eagerness with which the occasion was seized upon by all classes is suggestive of a great social revolution no less than of the loyalty of her Majesty's lieges. It is but a few years back that the shadow of the mild old Puritan age lingered nowhere more strongly than in our resorts of business and commerce. The lord of the counting-house represented at once a prisoner and a tyrant. Toiling clerks, cashiers, and shopmen laboured at their desks from the morning twilight until the darkness of night, and if they ventured to complain were triumphantly referred to the example of their masters labouring more diligently still. Half the men

to be met in the streets going to or returning from business had a mouldy, milky look about them, the result of long, unwholesome deprivation of light, air, and relaxation. The very costume prevented free exercise of the limbs, and men contracted a stiff carriage, anticipating in youth the inflexibility of the dessicated joints of age. For in those days trousers were made upon principles adverse to the flexure of the knee, and no covering for the neck was considered elegant unless it was made of such bulk and material as to be sufficient to conceal a deformity.

All this has been changed. The means by which the revolution has been effected has been one of a large class of similar motive powers, one of a class which, while exercising influences of the most vital importance on the history, characteristics, and destiny of a nation, generally escapes the notice of historians. Indeed, we know scarcely how to describe it, or to render it recognisable save by its indications, each in itself a stepping stone towards the true knowledge of a national and human destiny. The introduction of the railway system taught men of business the advantages of rapid personal intercommunication with each other, and thus tended to liberalise the ways and the sentiments of the entire class. Then followed the press, which owes its power and influence in no small degree to the necessity for beguilement of the period of transit. The early-closing and the Saturday half-holiday movements we may be justified in classing rather as consequences than as causes of the change which has come over the commercial mind within our own generation—a change which the establishment of the volunteer force has, perhaps, tended, no less than any other, to exemplify and assist. It is to this change that we owe the grand national pageant of Saturday—a pageant emphatically of the commercial classes: originated, insisted upon, and carried out almost exclusively by themselves, and yet, nevertheless, of a character so striking that but for the Shakespearean revivals by Mr. Kean, at the Princess's Theatre some years since, possibly few Englishmen might have been able to discover an historical parallel approaching it so nearly as even the triumphal entry of Henry V. into London after Agincourt.

But the displays of the last few days symbolise something more than that love of cheerful and gregarious amusement, for the absence of which the English race has been so frequently reproached by our Continental neighbours. They bespeak a deep, heartfelt loyalty, none the less valuable as being the result of personal appreciation and regard, not of mere blind unreasoning sentiment.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PRINCE ARTHUR is attending a course of laboratory and chemical instruction at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

THE QUEEN has directed Sir George Grey to express to the Lord Mayor her gratification at the manner in which Princess Alexandra was received on Saturday.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS has undertaken the office of arbitrator in the dispute between England and Brazil.

A ROYAL STURGEON, eight feet long, and weighing nearly 200 lb., was on Saturday conveyed to Windsor as a present to the Prince of Wales by the catcher, a fisherman from Colchester harbour.

HER MAJESTY'S desire to introduce a marked element of mourning into the marriage arrangements was, it is said, only overcome with much difficulty.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY (wife of the present Marquis) has been received into the Roman Catholic Church.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has, at the earnest solicitations of the Pope, withdrawn his resignation, and consented still to conduct the affairs of the Papal States.

MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD, it is stated, have undertaken to negotiate the new Italian loan.

MR. PAYNTER, one of the magistrates of the Westminster Police Court, has retired.

MESSRS. BOXALL AND WEEKES have been elected Royal Academicians, and Mr. Lejeune Associate.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE, long silent, is about to make a contribution to the controversy concerning North and South in the publication of "A Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-9."

THE RIGHT REV. DR. FRANCIS RUSSELL NIXON has resigned the bishopric of Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land) to which he was consecrated in 1842.

MR. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, in a recent speech at New York, told his audience that since the Proclamation of the 1st of January "he had felt whiter, and combed his hair more easily."

MADAME RATAZZI, who was an authoress before her last marriage, is now advertising a new novel called "Mademoiselle Million," which bears her present name on the titlepage.

MADE AGNES DEVONSHIRE, aged fifteen, a servant girl at Old Ford, Bow, was burned to death on Monday in consequence of her criminality, which was very capacious, coming in contact with the firegrate and igniting her clothes.

IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS, a resolution has been introduced for the dismissal of the consuls of those powers who have not recognized the Confederate Government.

ALGERIA, from its conquest to the present time, has cost France the large sum of 4,632,484,000*fr.* (£159,298,360), counting the expenditure with compound interest.

MEYERBEER HAS LATELY ARRIVED IN PARIS. His long-talked-of opera, "L'Africaine," will now, it is said, really be brought out, "provided he finds performers at the Grand Opera capable of doing justice to the principal parts."

THE HYPOTHESIS of the discovery of the American continent by the Phenicians has of late received additional support, glass beads of accepted Phœnician manufacture having been found in an ancient cemetery of the copperage at Beverley, in Canada.

SEVERAL SWISS MILITARY MEN have set out for Poland. A meeting has been held at St. Gall, at which it was resolved to raise subscriptions on behalf of the Poles.

PROCLAMATIONS, issued by the Revolutionary Committee, have been printed in Prussian Poland and Galicia, exhorting the people not to allow themselves to be induced to rise in insurrection, as the only mortal enemy of Poland is Russia.

AN EXPLOSION took place in a firework manufactory in Plymouth on Monday morning, by which, and a fire that followed, six persons lost their lives and several others were severely injured—the proprietor of the establishment and his son being among the killed.

A BEAUTIFUL FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT-PICTURE OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA has been given to Messrs. T. Agnew & Sons, by Mr. B. S. P. Her Royal Highness is represented in the costume of the Princess of Wales.

THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT has forbidden the importation of arms, powder, and cartridges, and the sale of cartridges of war. This measure is based on the necessity of preserving the neutrality of the empire and of all the populations who reside in it.

A GANG OF MEN was working on the rails near the Elmsall Coal Junction, South Yorks. railway, when they were passing each way. Seven of the men got off the line, but three of the workmen had not seen one of the coming trains, and they were cut in pieces.

THE CAPITALISATION OF THE SHELTER DUES PROGRESSES FAVOURABLY. England and Russia have subscribed their respective shares, and active negotiations are being carried on with the other maritime Powers.

THE GOVERNMENT OF BADEN has given notice to the former of the gambling-tables at Baden-Baden that the contract with him shall cease and determine in 1867. It is the first step to do away with the disgraceful nuisance which is still tolerated in that country.

TRANSPORT IS DOING AWAY WITH PASSPORTS: travellers or people coming to reside there will not be required to obtain a passport; the latter have only to show that they can afford to return if they like to their native country, while, as far as the Englishmen, cannot raise any question.

THE MARBLE STATUE OF THE LATE ADMIRAL LORD LYONS, by Mr. Noble, for which a subscription was raised, has now been placed, by permission of the Dean, in the south aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral. On the completion of the work to the entire satisfaction of the committee, they have handed over to Mr. Noble the sum of £1114 15*s.* 7*d.*, the amount subscribed.

THE LORD MAYOR has consented to preside at a meeting to sympathise with Poland, to be held in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House on an early day.

THE COUNTESS DE MORELLA has forwarded to the National Life-boat Institution the very liberal donation of fifty guineas. The benevolent objects of the Life-boat Society were kindly brought under her Ladyship's notice by Admiral Evans, of Liverpool.

THE COPYRIGHT for engraving Mr. W. P. Frith's picture of the Royal marriage, has been secured at the price of 5000 guineas by the purchasers of Mr. Frith's last work. This sum is said to be the largest ever given for the copyright of any painting, exceeding by 2000 guineas the price paid to Sir Edward Landseer for his "Peace" and "War."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

It is believed confidently by many knowing old politicians that we shall certainly have a dissolution of Parliament this year; but if you ask them why they believe this, you discover at once that they have no ground for their belief other than their own deductions from slender premises. Palmerston, they say, is at the height of his popularity in the country. He is weak in the House. What so natural, then, as that he should go to the country while he is popular to obtain more strength in the House. This is one argument. Here is another. Palmerston cannot long keep his position as Prime Minister under any circumstances; his colleagues see this, and they know that if he should go before some additional Parliamentary strength of the Liberal party can be obtained the Ministry would certainly go to pieces, but if an addition of some thirty Liberal members could be obtained, the Whig Government might survive Palmerston's premiership for a time. And all this is plausible enough, and the prophecy may be fulfilled. My opinion, however, is that we shall not have a dissolution this year. At the public offices I find, though that there is a suspicion that something is in the wind, the paucity of public bills and the general inactivity of the Government seem to have impressed the heads of departments that the Parliament is doomed to be extinguished before the close of the Session. Well, it may be; but at present I see no valid and sufficient reason why it should be.

The division on Mr. Haldfield's bill for the abolition of certain municipal oaths took everybody by surprise. The Conservatives were quite dismayed by this defeat. They had sent out an urgent whip. Their men answered well to the call. The Cursons, and the Egertons, and the Tollenches, and the Lennoxes, and the Sturges—indeed, all the well-known old representatives of the staunch old Conservative school—obeyed the summons; and faces were seen in the House which have not made their appearance before this Session; and, either to pair or to vote, upwards of 200 good men and true were on the spot. And yet they were beaten—beaten albeit there was no Government whip at work. And here let me tell you a curious fact. If the division had taken place twenty minutes before it did they would have had the victory; and very anxious, knowing this fact, was Colonel Taylor that it should take place then; but Mr. Newdegate, although warned of the danger, and earnestly intreated to put a stopper on his jaw, as the sailor's phrase is, would talk, and whilst he talked some half-dozen tardy Liberals came up and turned the scale. Of course, the Bishops will advise the Lords to throw out the bill, and of course my Lords will take the advice; but it is a great thing for Haldfield and his cause to have got the measure through the Commons. What is the end about? Well, it is a bill to abolish the oath which every municipal corporation has to take not to use his influence as a corporation to injure the Established Church. Next to the majority, the most notable fact in this fight was the speech of Mr. Gladstone in favour of the bill.

M. Billault, the French Minister without a portfolio, lately delivered a speech in the French Chamber defending the invasion of Mexico. The speech has been translated and published in England, and a copy of the translation has been sent to every member of our two Houses of Parliament. Under whose direction, and at whose expense, this was done, I cannot tell; but it is naturally suspected that the pamphlet comes direct from the French Government. Indeed, it seems impossible to believe that any Englishman would take the trouble and incur the cost. But, if the French Government did send the book, it is a curious and novel move.

Small insularities, and certainly we have all been at the height of our wit during the last ten days. I am a bad sightseer generally; but on this occasion I have been as lunatic as everybody else. I've been several times to London Bridge, and on Saturday I armed myself with a police pass and went all along the line from St. Paul's to Piccadilly. My *pied-à-terre* was in Fleet street, and thither I proceeded first to deposit some ladies and children, and there was unquestionably the finest sight of the day—the British mob at its fullest force. I remember all the best crowds of recent days, Jenny Lind's first night, the first Derby Day when the Epsom line was opened, the fireworks on the occasion of peace, *quorum pars fui*, but Saturday last in Fleet-street beat them all. A surging, seething mass, left entirely to their own control, chaffing, pushing, hussling, laughing riotously enough, but without the smallest particle of ill-humour and with singularly little bad language. Away to the left it boiled up Ludgate-hill and broke in black and tumbling waves against St. Paul's; away to the right it seethed in an ever-tossing flood and dashed itself against Temple Bar. A line of carriages was feebly struggling to make way through it, and pleasant-looking Lord Granville seemed to need all his good humour to bear with patience the long delay which the wagonet he was driving sustained. The best-mounted troop of Horse Artillery I have ever seen, with their leader, gallant Colonel Henry, who left his sword-arm in the Crimea, did their best to clear a passage; but both men and horses lacked the experience of the Household Brigade in such work, and their efforts were utterly fruitless. My own police-pass was valueless in the City, for there were no police to exhibit it to, and no line along which to be passed. So I threw myself into the crowd, and, after an immensity of chaff, many friendly harrassings, and perpetual inquiries as to the state of my feet, I managed to fight my way to Temple Bar; and, after several hand-to-hand combats and a mad rush or two, I was thrown as if from a catapult through the barrier.

When Temple Bar was once passed I found I had stepped from chaos to order. No more indiscriminate crowding, making pavement and roadway an undistinguishable mass of head, surging humanity, but a well-kept line, up the centre of which I walked, whilst countless thousands of my fellow-subjects emulated the Red Sea during the transit of the Israelites, and formed "a wall to my right hand and to my left." The admirably trained horses of the Life Guardsmen positively seemed to enter into the fun of frightening without hurting such forward people as intruded themselves, and such unfortunate ones as were helplessly pushed into the road. The "military element" rendered good service to Sir Richard Mayne's staff, and the contrast between the confusion of Fleet-street and the perfect order of the Strand will not be readily forgotten by those who passed from one to the other, as I did, on Saturday. However, all were in good humour, and the delay caused by the obstructions east of Temple Bar only served to excite the jealousy of the inseparable from the best-dressed English crowd. Now, it was a policeman who, in aiding his ally, the guardman's horse, received a dangerous twist which sent him sprawling on the yellow gravel covering the streets; now, one of these unfortunate dogs who will expose them elvies to the denseness of crowds, as at Epsom and at Ascot; now, a mounted sergeant of police; now, a scurrying halfpence thrown from the windows above; now, some chat at "upstairs" who, like myself, had a pass for the entire line, which served to occupy the attention of the motley mass. I strolled leisurely up the Strand, pleased to find that the statue official of St. Clement's made political capital out of its second name—*le Dames*, by putting it in large letters on their

flag, past Somerset House and the "Grand Strand" on St. Mary-le-Strand; and, with surprise that at Countess's banking-house, where I recognise the Royal family of France, there are no decorations; up by St. Martin's Church and "the finest site in Europe," to Pall-mall. The coup-d'œil here was superb. The whole of the club-houses were covered with balconies and galleries, upon which were seated ladies in every variety of gay and brilliant costume. The absence of coats and hats, and the consequent profusion of colour which these galleries presented, struck me as one of the most distinctive features of the scene. Crimson, scarlet, and white were the prevailing hues of the festooned draperies with which the buildings themselves were dressed up, though at the Carlton blue was unaccountably added. I say unaccountably, because it has nothing to do with the nationality of Denmark, and because it had the effect of making the pillars of the balcony look like poles which had been transferred from the outside of the barbers' shops in the vicinity, and decorated with white at the honourable use to which they were devoted. Up St. James's-street and Piccadilly the same enthusiasm, the same dense mass of people, the same chaff, the same banners, the same strong resemblance to the scene interpolated into "Richard III.," at the Princess's, when Mr. Ryder, as Bolingbroke, made his triumphant entry into London.

"Art's a nice thing, Sir!" was the philosophic remark of the great George Gaffer on being introduced to an artist. But Art is now also a courtly thing. Art wears a brown suit with steel buttons, a sword, a big-wig, and silk stockings. Art is honoured in State ceremonial, and very properly too. Mr. Frith, R.A., was inside the altar-rails at the Prince's marriage, and had a splendid view of the ceremonial. The point in the ceremony which he has chosen for representation is where the Archbishop asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Mr. George Thomas was in the organ-loft; his picture will represent the procession just turning from the altar at the conclusion of the service. Mr. Deangue also intends to paint a portion of the ceremony.

Lord Wharncliffe had the honesty to speak out at the annual general meeting of the National Rifle Association, on a point which requires some little moral courage to ventilate. His facetious Lordship complained that "a certain number of gentlemen of austere lives and abstemious habits carried off all the prizes." Of course they do. Has not Lord Wharncliffe read of the "Choice of Hercules," loosed at the "Industrious and Idle Apprentice" of Mr. William Hogarth, and been told of the convalescent good boy who had all the sugar-plums, and of the equally conventional bad boy who was sent superfluous to bed? I have been familiar with those things from my youth up, and it is a relief to hear of a noble Lord boldly avowing his sympathy for those who are not "so unco guid." I can't go with Lord Wharncliffe to the full extent of his remarks for the leading a life of an ascetic and living on cold water—though its efficacy was denied by stout Mr. Haldfield, himself a crack shot—must be put down as training for the race, and be regarded as a stoop whereby the million hopes to conquer. But I do agree with him entirely as to the advisability of "mingling the amenities of shooting with the joys of private life" being made the rule. An occasional "spurt" of hard training is one thing, but to be kept with more to the ascetic grind-tune all the year round is another; and, if the arrangements of the association are so framed that gentlemen of austere lives and abstemious habits carry off all the prizes, it will follow that in a very short time the recluses will have it all to themselves. If the promoters wish to make it really "national" in its scope they will do well to listen to Lord Wharncliffe and seek to preserve to shooting the element of sport, leaving to Exeter Hall and the social sciences congresses the promotion of abstemiousness and the promulgation of asceticism.

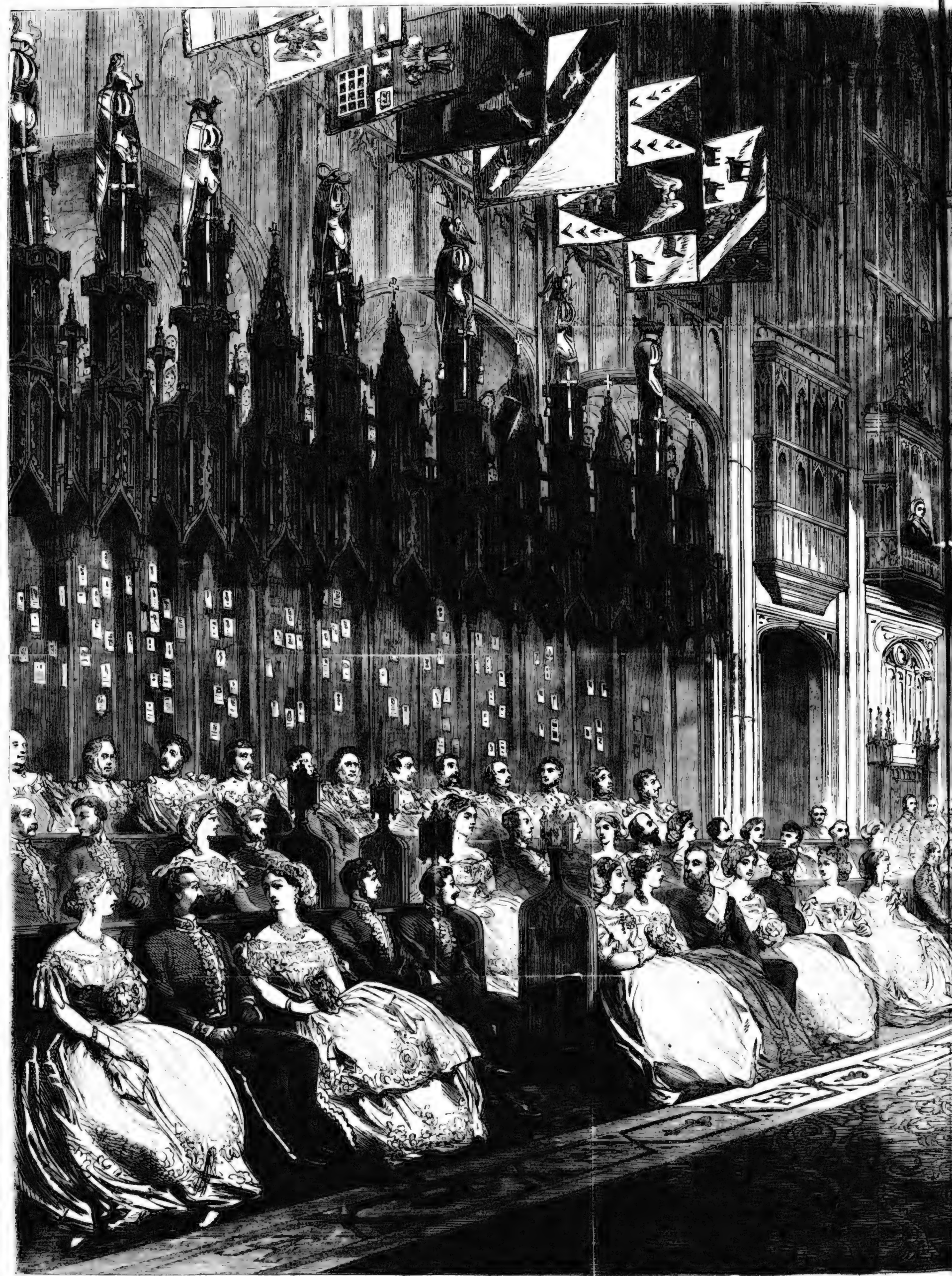
Before me lie the proof-sheets of an unpretending but interesting little volume, entitled "Hints on the Formation of Local Museums," which is to be forthwith published, at one shilling, by Mr. H. H. Wickes, of Piccadilly. I am, I hope, breaking no confidence in naming Mr. Toynebee, the eminent artist, as its author. Museums, "chat meetings," village clubs, and lecture halls are put subjects with this gentleman, who contrives to give us, in small compass and in a very convenient shape, much practical information about their management and success. Mr. Toynebee maintains that every parish in the kingdom might have its museum, the contents to consist solely of objects collected within say, a radius of five miles from its parish church, and answers the obvious objections to this theory by explaining "the chief aim of a local museum to be the diffusion of interest and the division of work among many, including ladies and children." Thus, he advocates the preservation of fish, insects, reptiles, birds, mammalia, lichens, fungi, mosses, seeds, flowers, barks, and fossils. He would divide the task of collecting these classes of objects among different sets of people, and is sanguine as to the result. The difficulty of finding specimens of a scientific interest he meets by this anecdote:—"A celebrated professor of natural history once projected the formation of a museum of natural objects collected from the gardens of Lincolnshire fields, and only abandoned the idea because the great abundance and variety of objects demanded too much time and attention." I have heard this story before. The name of the "celebrated Professor" is Richard Owen, and, if I mistake not, he projected this museum when he held an appointment with residence at the College of Surgeons. I should add that Mr. Toynebee's little volume contains an interesting letter from Professor Owen, who warmly approves his schemes, and that the "Hints" are enriched by contributions from Professor Bill, the late president of the Linnean Society. I don't recognise—I say it with regret—but I do not recognise in the ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance that craving for useful knowledge with which Mr. Toynebee accredits both man and woman kind; but I am, perhaps, unfortunate in my friends. Be this as it may, I have read his little book with interest, and can honestly recommend it to the benevolent people who exert themselves in promoting the success of institutes and the spread of education.

I fear that the land offered by Mr. Peck to the governors of Bethlehem Hospital, on the condition of their handing over a specified sum to another charitable institution, is utterly unfitted for a hospital site. No foliage, interior water, and a clay soil are among the drawbacks I hear quoted against it. But the most significant fact of all is that this very land was examined and co-donated some years ago by the Lunacy Commissioners, when it was suggested as a suitable building-ground for another institution for the insane. Although this fact does not invalidate Mr. Peck's generous intentions, it proves them to be utterly futile and Utopian; and the authorities of Bethlehem would be mad indeed were they to transfer their unfortunate charges to an uncongenial soil simply through a slavish adherence to the injunction against looking gift-horses in the mouth.

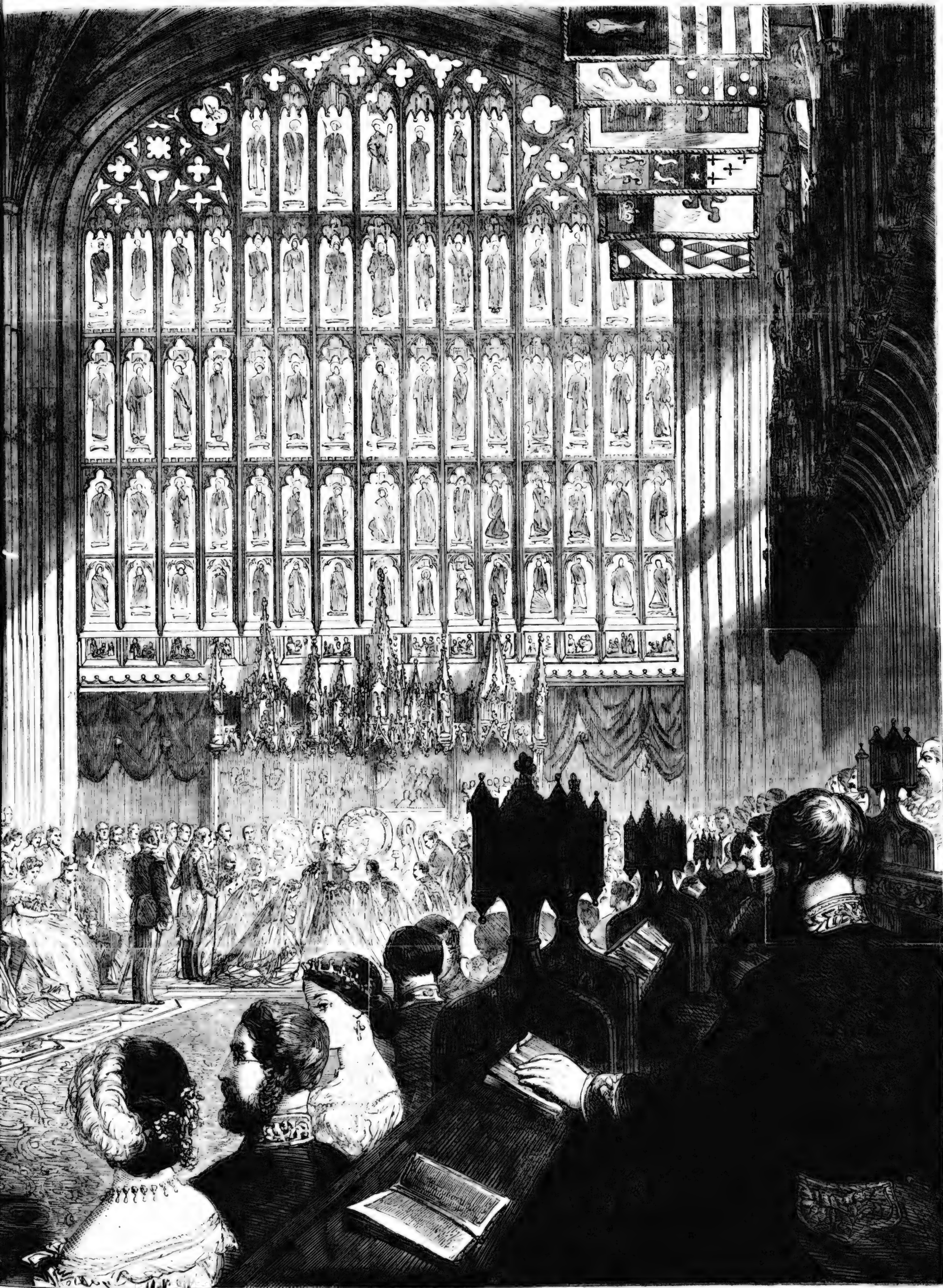
M. Jules Janin, in a recent feuilleton, in which he describes the great success of "Macbeth" at the Odéon, gives this reading of Macbeth's speech on hearing of the death of his wife:—"She should have died hereafter"—that is, says M. Janin, who speaks through an apocryphal English correspondent, "she should have died, body and soul, in the life to come." "Certainly," adds this profound critic, "this is the true sense. We commend it to the consideration of the young and studious translator of Shakespeare, M. François Victor Hugo." If anything can be fiercer than this bit of belated English blazonry and gloom it is the perplexed and well-wishful St. James's Park Lullaby Ma-burn, not once on y, but to keep on killing her after she had established a moral case.

By command of her Majesty, the theatres were all opened to the public (gratis) on Tuesday night—be several are engaged, of course, being allowed a given sum, on a scale previously arranged. The privilege was eagerly taken advantage of by the lower and poorest, principally composed of a few singing classes, who especially applauded all that had reference to the great event of the day, and at each of the houses sang song, ode, or epithalamium appropriate to the occasion was produced.

VICTOR HUGO ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In a recent letter to a Belgian association for the abolition of capital punishment, Victor Hugo says:—"The abolition of the punishment of death is henceforth certain in all civilised countries. The invariability of man is the starting point of every principle; it will be an honour to the nineteenth century to transform this philosophical truth into a social reality, and to wipe away the stain of blood from the august forehead of civilisation."



THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALICE



ALEXANDRA, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION.

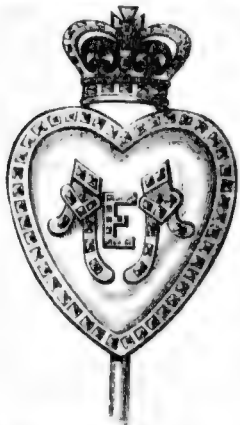
PRINCE OF WALES'S JEWELLERY.

We have engraved several of the pieces of jewellery prepared as presents in connection with the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. One of these is a pin presented by the Prince to his brothers, of which three only were made, and consists of a crystal with a border of diamonds; the initials of the name being formed of rubies, diamonds, and emeralds. The crown is in diamonds.

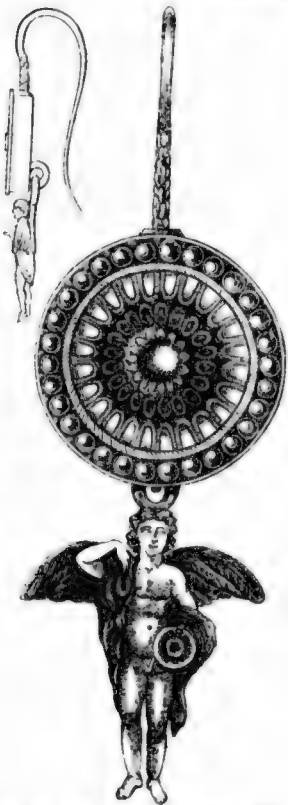
Another of these trinkets was made as a present for his Royal Highness's groomsmen, and consists of a crystal set with diamonds in a border of pearls and diamonds joined by blue enamel; the initials being of rubies, diamonds, and emeralds. This pin was designed by the Prince of Wales himself.

A third pin, intended for the Prince's friends, consists of an amethyst with border of diamonds, the initials being of diamonds incrusting in the amethyst, with the crown of diamonds. This pin was designed by Princess Alice. All these three articles are of pure gold, and were manufactured by Mr. Harry Emanuel.

The Prince presented another necklace to the



ENLARGED REPRESENTATION OF ONE OF THE DIAMOND PINS PRESENTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO HIS BROTHERS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MARRIAGE.



ONE OF THE GOLD EARRINGS MANUFACTURED AFTER AN ANCIENT GREEK MODEL PRESENTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.



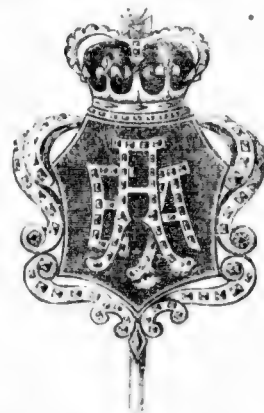
THE LONG RECKONING.—LORD GAVELCH MEETS WITH A SURPRISE.
SEE PAGE 186.



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF THE GOLD MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—(DESIGNED BY LEONARD C. WYON.)



ENLARGED VIEW OF ONE OF THE DIAMOND PINS PRESENTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO HIS GROOMSMEN.



ENLARGED VIEW OF ONE OF THE PINS PRESENTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO HIS PRIVATE FRIENDS.



REVERSE OF SMALL MEDAL EXECUTED BY LEONARD C. WYON.

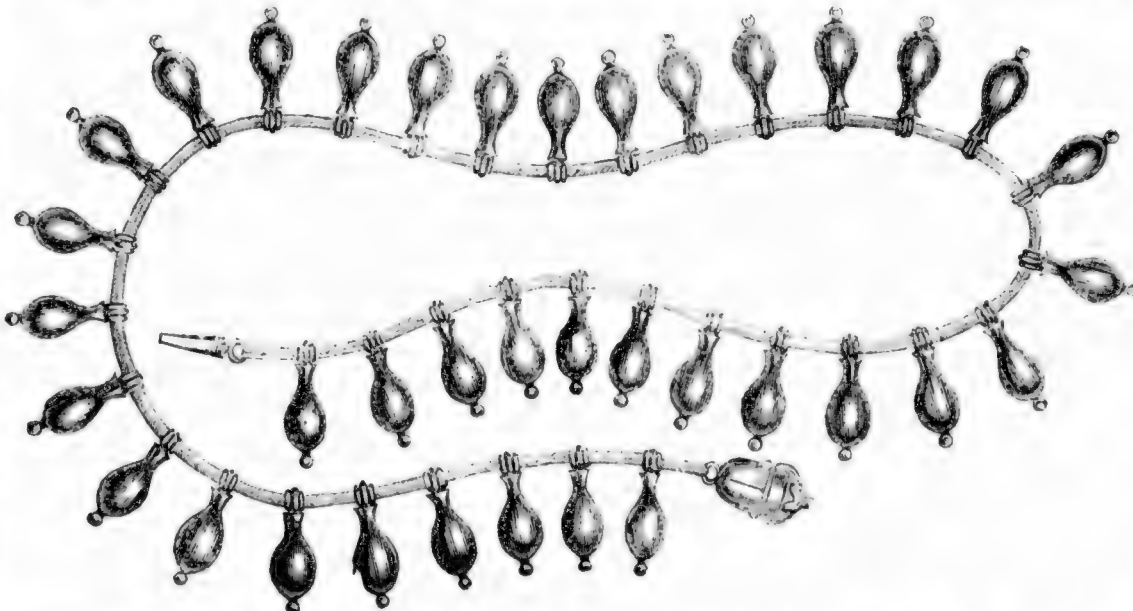
Princess besides that mentioned in our last week's Number as being manufactured by Messrs. Garrard. This second necklace is a reproduction of one of which a fragment was brought from Thebes by Lord Henry Scott, son of the Duke of Buccleuch and a great connoisseur of Egyptian antiquities. We also give an Engraving of this curious article of bijouterie. The pendants are symbols, in the Egyptian character, of Goodness, and the clasp is a scarabæus. The reproduction in pure gold of this interesting ornament was intrusted, according to the special direction of the Prince, to Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur-street.

Another piece of jewellery shown in our Engraving is an earring of pure Greek design, the original of which was brought by the Prince from the East, and has been reproduced by Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur-street, who has been authorized to manufacture the trinket for sale to the public, and will no doubt have a large demand for it. This earring was presented by his Royal Highness to his bride along with the necklace referred to above.

The medal commemorative of the Royal marriage, of which we give an Engraving, is the production of Mr. Leonard C. Wyon, and is a very neat and appropriate memento of the auspicious event. This medal has been executed for

Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, under the sanction of her Majesty, and will be largely distributed at Court. These medals are issued in gold, silver, and bronze.

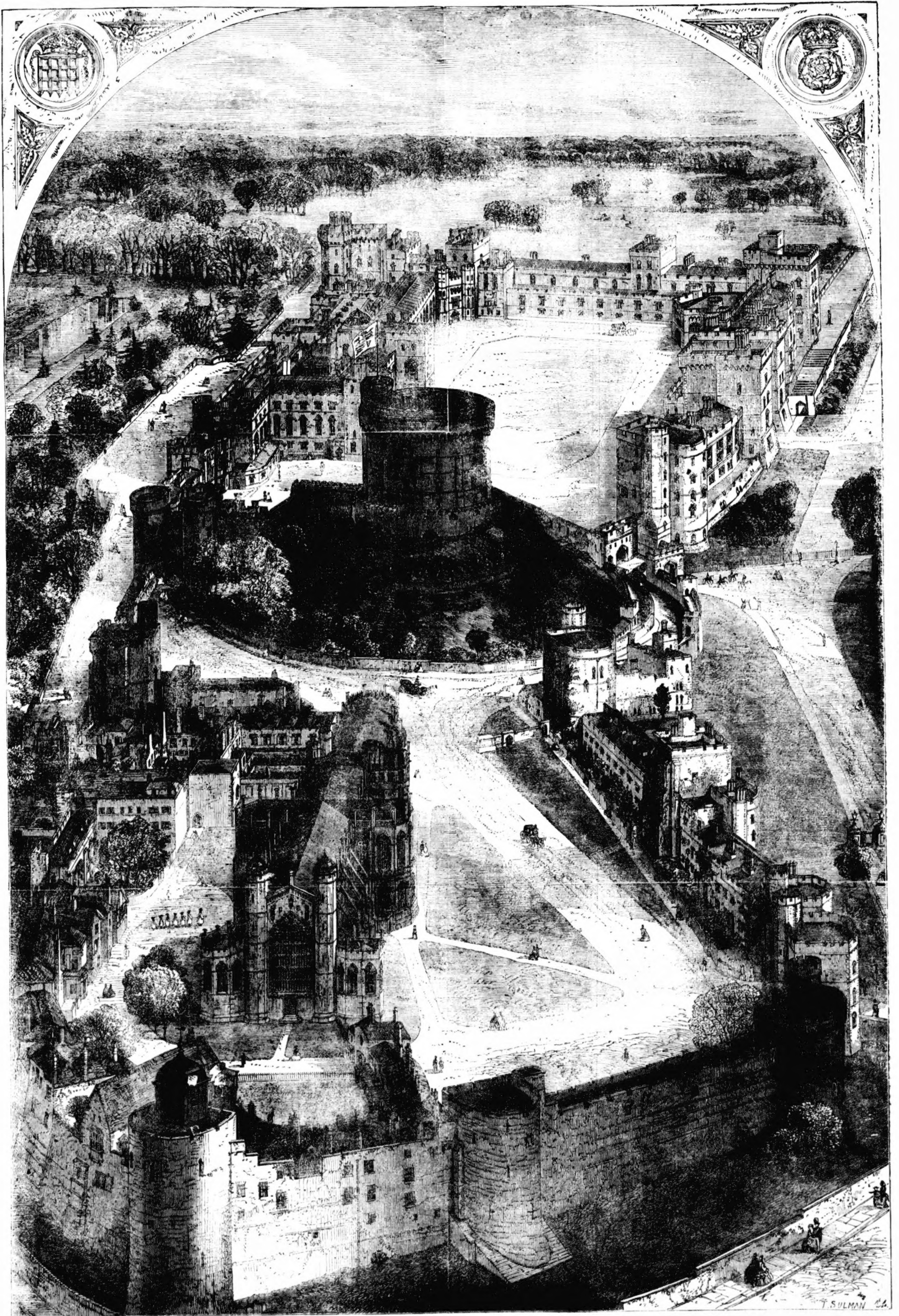
of thirty-six stones. The largest one weighs 19 carats, and is alone worth more than £5000. The circumstance of some of the stones in Messrs. Garrard's necklace having been previously seen and admired by the Prince Consort weighed with the majority of the committee, and decided the choice.



GOLD NECKLACE MANUFACTURED AFTER AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MODEL PRESENTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

PEDIGREE OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

MR. F. THIMM, of Brook-street, has published, on the occasion of the Royal marriage, a summary account of the Royal House of Denmark, from the time of Helge, the heathen conqueror of Jutland, and Battle-tooth, who had the god Odin for a naval instructor, and the great Christian King Canute, whose real name, it seems, is Knud, to Christian III., who reigned from 1533 to 1559. John, a younger son of this King, was Duke of Holstein. By the sons of his son and successor, Alexander, five lineal descendants were established, three of which are extinct. Two are flourishing—namely, the line of the Augustenburgs, from the third son of Alexander, and the Glücksburgs, from his fourth son. It is to the latter line that Princess Alexandra belongs. The following are the names of the father, mother, brothers, and sisters of the Princess:—By virtue of the



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

hereditary law of the 31st of July, 1853, Christian, Crown Prince of Denmark, of the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg; born, April 8, 1818, Danish Lieutenant-General, received Dec. 21, 1858, for himself and his heirs, the title of "Royal Highness;" married May 25, 1842, Louise Wilhelmine Friederike Caroline Auguste Julie, Princess of Denmark (Royal Highness); born Sept. 7, 1817, daughter of the Landgrave Wilhelm, of Hesse-Cassel. Children—1. Prince Christian Frederick William Charles, born June 3, 1843, Captain in the Danish army. 2. Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louise Julie, born Dec. 1, 1844. 3. Prince Christian Wilhelm Ferdinand Adolf Georg, born Dec. 24, 1845, cadet in the Danish army. 4. Princess Maria Sophie Friederike Dagmar, born Nov. 26, 1847. 5. Princess Thyra Amalie Caroline Charlotte Anna, born Sept. 29, 1853. 6. Prince Waldemar, born Oct. 27, 1858.

Literature.

The Nationalities of Europe. By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. &c. Two vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

Dr. Latham's work is, in his own words, a contribution to a department of inquiry which may be called political ethnology; and it is, he believes, the only regular treatise of the kind that exists or has ever existed. Rigorous definition of terms Dr. Latham does not attempt, because it is obvious that we are not yet in possession of all the facts which definitions would assume to cover. It is, we may remark, a curious circumstance that writers on other subjects, in which the facts are still farther from being completely collated, have not the modesty to make similar reservations—writers, for instance, on political economy, and other branches of ethical science. "Nationality" is a word which Dr. Latham uses whenever he finds "anything exceptional to the predominating feeling and constituent elements in certain political aggregates." As to "race," taking it as a thing which points to original superiorities of given human aggregates over other human aggregates, the author declines to recognise it. Arguing backwards from the facts as they are, he finds no beginning. There certainly are different breeds in Europe—different species there may or may not be. At all events, Dr. Latham undertakes to prove that the blood in nine-tenths of Europe has become mixed during the historical period, and thinks it a just inference that two-thirds of the remainder had become mixed at a time not long antecedent to the historical period. As for the question of variety of species, Dr. Latham rightly says it will be time enough to discuss it when a definition of the word "species" has been agreed upon.

The general reader will find several of his cherished notions impugned by Dr. Latham. Napoleon said there were only two races, the Oriental and the Occidental, and that the antagonism between them was intrinsic and fatal. Dr. Latham does not quote this; but, with reference to that particular idea, he asks, "What if the Turks have always been in Europe?" and he gives reasons for supposing that "countries so far west as Lower Austria and Bavaria were once to a great extent Turk." Well, this does not appear to us to exhaust the subject or to stultify Napoleon; but we do not, of course, venture in a casual notice to measure lances with Dr. Latham. Again, people talk about the "mission" in the future of the Slavonic races, saying the Slaves have done little hitherto in the history of mankind; therefore they have (probably) a great part to play. In this connection Dr. Latham asks, "What if the Slaves have already played a great part in history? What if half Germany be Slavonic?" Well, the answer is obvious. It may be so, and yet the Slaves proper may have another great part to play.

It may just be mentioned in passing that Dr. Latham, though he more than excuses the Danes in their resistance to English demands, justifies entirely the bombardment of Copenhagen; an act which has, we need not say, been a good deal criticised.

The animus of the work lies in the following short passage:—"That more than one nationality is grievously wronged and cruelly oppressed, is assumed. If it were not so, why write a book?" But if the well-being of Poland, Italy, and Hungary be the final cause of these recondite octaves, how are they to get the benefit of them? Government great guns, ethnological students, and here and there a reviewer, will carefully read Dr. Latham's pages, crammed to the very borders with detail; but who will abstract them for the multitude?

On the political teaching which—founding itself upon "high generalisations in political ethnology"—says that, where populations are akin, the most civilised and most renowned of them "might well take upon itself a kind of leadership for the others," Dr. Latham has of course something to say. First of all, there is the question of the sufficiency of the induction in any particular case; for instance, in the case of what Dr. Latham calls *Parisian Pan-slavonism* (why not *Pan-gallicism*?) as bearing upon Spain and Italy, and in the case of Poland with respect to Russia. Then there is the question whether the phenomena of "race" do, in fact, carry with them such elective affinities as naturally lead to Pan-anything-at-all. But the fact that the idea does exist, constitutes it a real political force which demands to be taken into account. Added to which, that similarity of language from which the idea of ethnological Pan-anything dates itself is a political force because it makes easier the circulation of ideas.

The Ionian Islands are mixed in blood and in creed, but Greek in language and in political sympathies. For our assuming the protectorate of the Ionian Isles there were, in Dr. Latham's opinion, as in most people's, more reasons in 1815 than there are reasons in 1863 for our keeping it.

Holstein is exclusively German in language and political feeling; in blood it is Saxon, Frisian, and Slavonic. Schleswig is German on the south, Frisian on the west, and Danish on the north.

In Spain two great questions of nationality—namely, the incorporation of Portugal and the recovery of Gibraltar—will some day have to be discussed, but are not imminent.

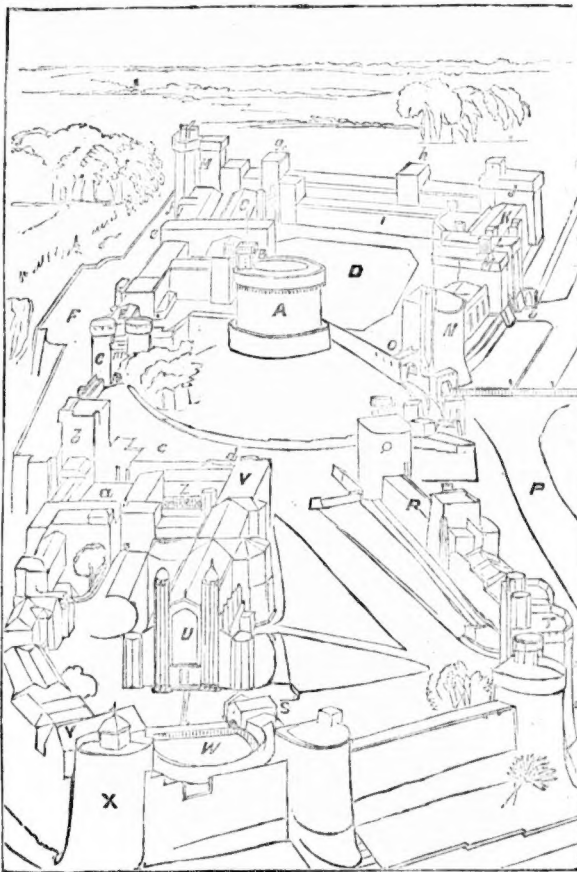
With respect to Italy, Dr. Latham thinks that it is a sad waste of power for the Italians to trouble themselves about the evacuation of Rome. The unity of a country cannot depend upon so slight a question as that of the head-quarters of the Government. The Papal Government in Rome is a matter of politics and not of nationality. The presence of the French soldiery in Rome is no doubt a real anti-national element, but the question of resistance is, in Dr. Latham's opinion, one of expediency only. One can conceive the answer of the Italian "party of action" to all this; but our present idea is only that of giving our readers some notion of the views of a very able man. Events, however, outstrip the best-considered "views" of the best-informed people. In Poland, and perhaps in Greece, they have done so, with reference to the "views" of Dr. Latham. However, he is a very modest prophet. The last sentence of his book—which happens to relate to Greece—is, *Si populus vult* 'Ελληνισθαι, 'Ελληνισθτω, which is, in the vernacular, If the people want to Hellenise, let it be Hellenism. Oh, certainly!

The foregoing paragraphs must not make the general reader suppose that the two volumes in hand are dull. They are, on the contrary, bright, in several places, with legend and song. Here is the first verse of an Estonian ballad:—

Willie, the keeper of the lambs,
Willie of the meadow, Willie of the field;
Knew the sun, knew the moon,
Knew the stars of the sky;
Knew that war was coming,
But he told what he knew
To none of his mates—
He told it only to his golden sweetheart.

This reticence of Willie did not go for much, however, for the golden sweetheart went and told what she had heard. The consequences were serious, and such as could never have been expected:—

Fell down stone, fell down slab,
Fell down slab, fell down band.
Fell down, break yoke,
Fell down, break band,
Fell down, break all.



A. Keep, or Round Tower. B. Eagle Turret. C. Norman gateway. D. Quadrangle. E. Queen Elizabeth's Buildings. F. North Terrace. G. Waterloo Gallery. H. Victoria Tower. I. Grand Corridor. J. Victoria Tower. K. Queen's private apartments. L. York Tower. M. Lancaster Tower. N. Edward III's Tower. O. St. George's Gateway. P. Park Hill. Q. Henry III's Tower. R. Residences of Poor Knights. S. Old gateway. T. Henry VIII's Gateway. U. St. George's Chapel. V. Mausoleum, or Royal Tomb-house. W. Horseshoe Cloisters. X. Bell Tower. Y. Library. Z. Dean's Cloisters. a. Minor Canons' Cloisters. b. Wykeham's Tower. c. Guardhouse. d. Denary. e. George IV's Tower. f. Cornwell Tower. g. Chester Tower. h. Clarence Tower. i. George IV's Gateway.

BIRDS' EYE VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

With that horrible catastrophe the tale ends. But as this is evidently the Willie we have all missed so much, it is fair to infer that he disappeared when the crash came.

We beg to invite a comparison between Canticles i. 5, 6, in which the bride, in self-deprecation, calls herself "black," together with the response of the bridegroom, insisting that she is "fair," verse 15—and the greeting of the bride in a Vod marriage song. The friends make believe they had been told she was black, but declare on seeing her how white she is. It is rather pretty:—

Hail, dear young maiden!
Hail, coming from the way!
Let me see my maiden!
Let me see her by the fire!
Let me see her by the light!
Black was she painted, my chicken,
Smoke-black was she painted,
Black are they who said it—
Smoke-black the sayers.
She was good, she is good;
Fair in her open sleeves,
Clean in her silken shirt,
Beautiful in her kirtle.
Dear maiden, dear maiden,
As thou comest so stay!

Has stay in this passage the force of *continue* or *keep*? Is the meaning, Don't get sluttish?

We have now said enough to make it plain that here are two volumes of very unusual fullness and interest; real books, unique as to the place they will occupy on the shelves of the student, and entertaining in the best sense of the word. We very cordially commend them to individual readers, as well as to book-clubs and reading-societies.

History of the Scottish Regiments in the British Army. By ARCH. K. MURRAY, Major 97th Lanarkshire Volunteer Guards. Ward and Lock.

The Honourable Artillery Company claims to be the oldest existing regiment—that is to say, to date farther back than the organisation of the Guards themselves. That is so far correct; but the Company will be surprised to learn that the nucleus of many Highland regiments—the Highland Brigade, consisting of the 42nd, 71st, 72nd, 74th, 78th, 79th, 92nd, and 93rd—actually existed some thousand years ago. They were clanship troops, and have been brigaded comparatively but recently. The 2nd Royal North British Dragoons, or "Scots Greys," appears to be the oldest established corps under the Crown, and was really founded by Monk out of Cromwell's Parliamentary army. In all probability, like many other North British things, it is not half so Scotch as it looks; but, however that may be, its services have been most extensive and its history the most interesting. Coupled with the Inniskillens, they have laughed at such doughty trifles as the Imperial Guards. The Scots Greys were the fellows whom the Covenanters defeated at Drumclog, and who took such terrible vengeance at Bothwell Bridge; and they were the "my blackguards" of Claverhouse Graham, who conducted Henry Morton prisoner to Lady Margaret Bellenden's famous Castle of Tillyntulm. A history of the Scottish regiments is very nearly a history of the achievements of the British Army. It runs through the northern disaffection to James and William, the Spanish War of Succession, the Rebellion of 1715, and the Seven Years' War, all the wars connected with the French Revolution, and, lastly, the Crimea, India, and China. Major Murray has performed his work well. Much of his information will be found a novelty in its present shape, whilst all is of course interesting. He carefully divides and assigns the merits of particular regiments, and goes out of his way to say the kindest things of the Irish troops; but he is evidently quite unaware that such an article as an English soldier exists, except, indeed, once, when, after praising the Coldstreams as if they were Scotch, he suddenly awakens to the ugly fact of their being English, and dashes off to the Fusiliers. The work is adorned with many coloured lithographs of military costumes, ancient and modern; scenery, medals, and flags—all well executed, and adding materially to the value of the volume.

The Boyhood of Martin Luther; or the Sufferings of the Heroic Little Beggar-boy, who afterwards became the great German Reformer. By HENRY MAYHEW. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

To that large public to whom juvenile books of this order make their appeal we can cheerfully recommend this volume. It contains a great deal of incident which will be quite new to the general reader, and Mr. Mayhew tells us that "for its honest completion he has made a special tour to each of the several places which were the scenes of Martin Luther's early life;" and adds that, "in order to become duly acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, as well as with the history of the localities described, he has been

resident among them during the last two years, and consulted during that time all kinds of old chronicles, as well as examined no end of worm-eaten parish documents." It is superfluous to say that Mr. Mayhew writes with clearness and force in making use of his materials.

Whether it is a good thing to write an "historical novel" of this kind, and whether (supposing that point affirmed) a strong imagination, properly supplied with facts, would make out for itself the exact picture Mr. Mayhew presents to his readers,—these are questions we will not discuss. The public has made up its mind that it will have all its information (as far as possible) in the form of picturesque narrative; and that it is wholesome for the young to read half-imaginary biographies like the one before us. Assuming that the public is right, it cannot do better for itself than buy Mr. Mayhew's "Boyhood of Martin Luther."

A BATCH OF VERSIFIERS.

The World of Phantoms, a Poem. Hardwicke.

Songs on Italy, and Other Poems. By CAROLINE GIFFARD PHILIPSON. Hardwicke.

The Last Judgment. A Poem, in Twelve Books. Revised. Nimmo, Edinburgh; Longman, London.

Each of these volumes has a certain amount of merely literary merit—the third on the list ranking highest as a composition; but neither of them contains poetry.

"The World of Phantoms" is about Mesmerism, and that is all we can make out. What it means we are totally unable to discover. There seems to be a covert reference to the Queen and the late Prince, but that is more than we can feel sure of. The author, having been very much bothered with electro-biology and the like, has, probably, thought he should feel better if he said so in ten-syllable iambs. We hope he does feel better; though looking over his book has made us feel so poorly that we are quite ready to agree with him in the opinion he puts into the mouth of one of the speakers in his "poem"—

'Tis meet such things should have in one divan
The sole attention of each known savan.

Certainly, very meet, indeed.

Let the author of "The Phantom World" should suppose that the difficulty we feel in making him out is a difficulty born of a profane ignorance of the facts of "mesmerism," it may be as well to state that the critic who now holds the pen is not only peculiarly familiar with the literature of the subject, but has a "clairvoyance" relative with whose history, while in the "magnetic" state, he could puzzle even the author of "The Phantom World." If the latter will read, think, and observe for a few years, he will (let us hope) come to the conclusion that the facts which he calls facts of a phantom-world have nothing phantasmal about them, and nothing properly to be called mysterious, though some of them are, at first sight, very startling. For example, the fact of mental transference. A person in the mesmeric "trance" can be made to think the thoughts see the pictures, and share the feelings which are passing through the mind of the mesmeriser. Again, there is the fact that the mesmerisee can, in the "trance," be induced to make a promise to do, at a greater or less distance of time, some wild, or difficult (perhaps dangerous or wicked) thing, and will, when the time comes, go and do it, falling into the "trance" at the appointed time without the presence of the mesmeriser. But, when all this is done, Echo says, "What of it?" and the stream of life goes on pretty much as it did before. The writer of these lines, like scores of other people, is familiar, even to satiety, with such things. The annoying part of the story is that fools insist either upon contradicting the facts, or upon accounting for them by "supernatural" considerations. Why can't they hold their tongues, and learn, in peace, from Bishop Butler or David Hume, that, antecedently to experience, one thing is just as probable as another?

Mrs. Philipson is not a poetess, but her book has the shelter of so great a name that we pass it by with respectful forbearance. It is inscribed, by permission, to Garibaldi.

"The Last Judgment" is a moral curiosity. The coolness with which a man who thinks himself a "bard" sits down to "sing" the packing off of a large portion of the human race to endless torture is a strange comment on the popular notion of the fine sensibilities of the "bard." We are bound to say, however, that this particular singer is liberal in his ideas. All who died in infancy and numbers of virtuous pagans are saved, according to his scheme. Moreover, he says—

In every age; nor can it strange be deemed,
The good were far more numerous than they seemed.

This is kind of him. But then he devotes Book IX. to "The Judgment of the Wicked." In Book X. he goes at it again—"The Judgment of the Wicked" continued. In Book XI. again, "The Judgment of the Wicked" is, with much zest, "continued." And his classification of the "wicked" is so sweeping that it is almost with a start of surprise that we find he has excluded himself. Yet in the concluding book (xii.) he selects "The Virtuous Bard" for distinguished reward. He certainly deserves it, for he appears to be able to sing the Last Judgment, and stick to the till also—

The bard and business!—unpoetic sound!
Connection strange, yet not unrequited found,

which implies that he is a sort of shopkeeping Milton. After all, however, he is

Doubtful if men his work would hail or spurn,
Uncertain or to publish, or to burn,

because he is aware that

—solemn themes, perennial, fraught with sense,
Highlighting critics view with scorn intense.

After these hesitations and struggles the poor bard is seen at last

Radiant in glory, though with lowly mien,
Amidst the blest —

What becomes of the "highlighting critic" we are (for obvious reasons of policy) left to infer. Setting off on one side the bard's idea of Heaven, and on the other the privilege which the critic would enjoy, by local necessity, of not meeting the bard, we opine that the critic has the best of it.

It may be interesting to Mr. Kingsley and muscular Christians in general to hear that this Virtuous Bard includes fox-hunters in—we wish to be polite—his eleventh book:—

At length, their eager sight rejoiced to hail
A little body with a mighty tail:
Fast down their steeds the perspiration rolled,
And still the spur regained its fleshy hold. . . .

The majority of our readers, too, are concerned in the fate which, in this poem, awaits persons who go to balls and persons who go to theatres. They, also, find their place in—the eleventh book.

But there is one unhappy man who deserves a niche all to himself. We are, indeed, candidly told that he

Stands by himself, in singular disgrace.

There is no disputing the uniqueness of the specimen:—

Though once abundant riches he possessed,
Till all were fully gone he would not rest;
His only labour was his wealth to spend.

In this labour we are told, with a profound knowledge of human nature,

Numbers to lend assistance volunteer'd.

The consequence is that, "his pocket and his head" being soon emptied, he—makes his appearance in the eleventh book of the Virtuous Bard. Any future conception of the Last Judgment will be incomplete without this truly Scotch episode, in which a man is sent to—the eleventh book, for not having made judicious investments

THE MARGATE LIFE-BOAT, belonging to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, put off early on Friday morning (the 6th inst.) to the Victoria and Albert wharf, in order to afford Princess Alexandra an opportunity of examining the peculiar construction of a British life-boat. Her Royal Highness appeared to be much pleased with the complement that had been

sold by all Medicine Venders; and at 279, Strand, London.

NUPTIAL MUSIC and WEDDING MARCH. CH. Composed expressly for the Marriage Ceremony of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Princess Alexandra, by **SIGFRIED SALOMON**, Kapellmeister to the King of Denmark. Piano Solo, 4s. Also, arranged for the Organ, by G. B. ALLEN, price 4s. METZLER and Co., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

MME. OUBRY'S DANISH HYMN. The most successful arrangement for the Piano of this popular Air. Price 3s. METZLER and Co., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

H. W. GOODBAN'S PRINCE OF WALES'S BRIDAL MARCH. A very effective and not difficult march for the Piano. Illustrated Title-page. Price 3s. METZLER and Co., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

NEW QUADRILLE.—DENMARK. By **KARL VOGLER**. On popular Danish Air. With an excellent Portrait, in Colours, of the Princess Alexandra. Price 3s. METZLER and Co., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

THE GALOP OF THE SEASON.—THE STAR OF DENMARK. By **KARL VOGLER**. With tinted Portrait of the Princess Alexandra. Price 3s. METZLER and Co., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

THE NEW AND POPULAR VALSE. **DEGANPARI'S LES FIANCES.** As played by all the Bands. With Portraits of the Royal Bride and Bridegroom. Price 4s. METZLER and Co., 37, 38, 39, and 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. Additional Verse, appropriate to the Princess Alexandra and the occasion of the Royal Marriage. Poetry by **GEORGE LINLEY**; Music by **BRINLEY RICHARDS**. Price of the Song, 2s. THE ROYAL GROUP IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, is faithfully depicted in colours upon the title of the Piano Solo copy of "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Composed by **BRINLEY RICHARDS**. 4s. Post-free. Song, with Chorus ad lib., 3s.; Four-part Song, for Chorus and Piano Duet, 4s.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' ALBERT EDWARD MARCH, for Piano Solo, 3s.; Duet, 4s. **BRINLEY RICHARDS' ALBERT EDWARD MARCH**, arranged for Military Band by A. F. GODFREY, of the Coliseum Guards, 10s. 6d. Post-free.

THE ALEXANDRA MARCH, for Piano. By **CARL FAUST**. Illustrated with a very beautifully-executed Portrait of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. 2s. 6d. **THERE'S J'Y IN MERRY ENGLAND**. Song, with Chorus ad lib. Words by W. H. Bellamy. Music by G. W. Martin. 2s. **GOD SAVE THE KING OF DENMARK**. National Hymn, with Chorus ad lib. Words by W. H. Bellamy. Music arranged by George W. Martin, Director and Founder of the National Choral Society. London: ROBERT COOKS and Co., New Burlington-street, W. By special appointment Music Publishers to their Majesty Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon III. May be had of all Music-sellers.

SUNG AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. **RUTH IN THE CORN.** New Ballad. Composed by Mr. FRANK MORI. In B flat and G. Price 3s. FOSTER and KING, 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, W.

SWEET FLOW'RET. Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. From "Horne the Hunter." Composed by W. M. LUTZ. In E flat and C. Price 3s. FOSTER and KING, 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, W.

KUHE'S SWEET FLOW'RET. Fantasia on Mr. Sims Reeves's new ballad, from "Horne the Hunter." Price 4s. FOSTER and KING, 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, W.

COOTE'S HERNE THE HUNTER VALSE. On favorite Air from the Dramatic Legend. By W. M. LUTZ. Beautifully Illustrated. Price 4s. FOSTER and KING, 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, W.

IMMENSE SUCCESS. **THE DUKE'S MOTTO. GALOP.** By HENRI TALBOT. Price 3s. FOSTER and KING, 16, Hanover-street, Regent-street, W.

MACFARREN'S LITTLE CLARINA'S LESSON BOOK. Parts 1 to 4, 2s. 6d. each; complete in vol. 8s. "Without any exception is the most winning, the simplest, clearest, most satisfactory treatise for children."—Musical World. London: JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 11, Holborn-bars; and 123, Chesham-street.

HENRY FARMER'S NEW PIANOFORTE TUTOR. Price 4s. "This is decidedly the most useful and best instruction-book for the pianoforte we have seen."—Musical Review. London: JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 11, Holborn-bars; and 123, Chesham-street.

BRIGHTEST HOPE OF ENGLAND'S GLORY! Dedicated to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. National Song by W. WEST, 2s. Also, arranged in Four-part Song for country choirs. Price 3d. J. WILLIAMS, 11, Holborn-bars; and 123, Chesham-street.

THE ARMOURER OF NANTES. Libretto by J. J. BRIDGMAN. Music by M. W. BALFE. "A flower in beauty, by fairy hands planted." Sung by Mr. Santley. — 2s. 6d. "Truth and Duty." Sung by Mr. W. H. Weiss. — 2s. 6d. "There's one who reads me, loved me." Sung by Miss Louisa Payne. — 2s. 6d. "O love, thou art like a red bent low." Sung by Mr. W. Harrison. — 2s. 6d. "Oh, would that my heart." Sung by Miss Louisa Payne. 2s. 6d. Pianoforte Arrangements by Benedetto, Berger, Farmer, Glover, Kuhn, Osborne, Richards, Trellak. Dances Music by Coote. ADDISON and LUCAS, 210, Regent-street, London.

THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF THE SEASON. **HEMINGWAY'S PRINCESS OF WALES QUADRILLE.** Price 4s. Illustrated with Authentic Full-length Portrait in Colours.—JEWELL and Co., 104, Great Russell-street, W.C. All Music half-price and post-free.

DISTIN and CO.'S Brass-Band Instruments. Distin and Co. have been awarded the Prize Medal of the International Exhibition for the excellence of their Musical Instruments.—viz. Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Baritone, Euphonium, Ventil Horns, and Monitor Cornets; also, for their play, perfectly in tune. Manufactory, 9 and 10, Great Newport-street, London. Illustrated Lists of Prices free.

PIANOFORTES for SALE or HIRE. Option of Purchase; Convenient terms any period, carriage-free. The largest assortment in London of every description and price. PEACHY, Maker, 73, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

PIANOFORTES.—INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—JURY AWARDS.—Class 15. "Honourable mention—MOORE (John and Henry) for good and cheap pianos." Pianofortes extraordinary—rare excellence and purity of tone combined with cheapness. Prices, from 16 guineas. First-class pianos for hire, with easy terms of purchase. Warehouses, 104, Bishopsgate-street Within. Carriage-free.

ENGLISH CONCERTINAS, 48 Notes, full compass, double action, well tuned, in case, 40s.; superior 60s., the same as formerly sold at 15 guineas. To be had at T. PROWSE'S Manufactory, 15, Hanway-st., Oxford-st., W. All orders must be accompanied by a Post Office order or remittance to Thomas Prowse, Harmonifone Organ Accordion, Three Octaves, £3 10s.; with Celestial Stop, £3 15s.; with Four Stops, £5 10s. Extra for Stand, 25s.

MUSICAL BOX DEPOTS, 32, Ludgate-street, and 56, Chesham-street.—Nicolas Large Musical Boxes, 41 per air; Sunflowers, 15s. to 40s. Catalogues of tunes and prices gratis and post-free, on application to WALES and Co., as above.

NEW ZEALAND.—REMITTANCES.—THE BANK OF NEW ZEALAND (Incorporated by Act of General Assembly), Capital £500,000, grants Letters of Credit, and undertakes every description of Banking Business, throughout the several provinces. Terms and Particulars on application at the London Office. 50, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

W. F. THOMAS and CO.'S Patent SEWING-MACHINES.—A SPECIAL PRIZE MEDAL has been awarded to these CELEBRATED MACHINES. Illustrated Catalogues and Specimens may be had on application to 66, Newgate-street.

UNRIVALED PRIZE-MEDAL LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINES, manufactured by the Wheeler and Wilson Mfg Co., with all the recent improvements and additions. The perfection of Mechanism and a necessity for every household, economizing time, at the same time doing the best and truest work in any material. Instruction gratis to every purchaser. Illustrated Prospectus gratis and post-free. Offices and Salesrooms, 129, Regent-street, W.

LADIES' INDIA, WEDDING, AND JUVENILE OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT, the cheapest in London, is at 3, New Coventry-street; and 2 and 6, Sidney-alley, Haymarket. Hosiery, Lace, and Sewed Muslin Warehouse. Orders and Waiting Orders to any extent on the shortest notice. GEORGE HINUS, Proprietor. List post-free on application.

FRENCH MOIRE ANTIQUES. Black, White, and Coloured. The above to be had in any quantity, at manufacturers' prices. Carriage-free to all parts of England. S. MILLAR and Co., 44, Watling-street, E.C.

THE 1s. HAIR-WEAVER (the Original), a simple invention for giving the graceful wave to the hair, as worn by Princess Alexandra, in a few minutes, without hot water or anything injurious. Post-free, with instructions, 14 stamps. J. M. TRUFFITT, Inventor, 1, Aston-street Grosvenor-road, W.C.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

NEW FANCY SILKS. Fancy French Glacé, 42 7s. 6d. Fancy Corded Silks, £2 14s. 6d. Jewelled Pompadour, £2 14s. 6d. Very rich Corded Silks, 4 guineas the Extra Full Dress of 16 yards. Façonné Gros d'Alsace, 4 guineas. Elegant Chêné Gros d'Afrique, 5 guineas. Every new colour in sale, except Black and Glacé, at £2 14s. 6d. Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

NEW SPRING DRESSES. Novelty of the Season. Drap de Toilette, a very useful and desirable Dress for early Spring, can be had in every variety of style and colour, from 14s. 6d. to 18s. 6d. Full Dress. PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

NEW FOREIGN DRESSES. The Popeline de Soie, 25s. to 30s. extra Full Dress. The Popeline de Soie, 27s. to 40s. Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

SPANISH and FRENCH LACE SHAWLS. Upwards of 5000, commencing at 1 guinea, purchased during periods of inaction in the manufacturing districts, and are now offered at considerably lower prices than they can usually be sold at. Some very Elegant Styles in NEW VELVET, CLOAKETS, for Walking Dress, suitable for early Spring. New Jackets, for indoor wear, in early Spring Cloths. New Waterproof Cloaks, commencing at 1 guinea. The largest Showrooms for Mantles and Shawls in the Kingdom. PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

PARIS KID GLOVES. 700 doz. François (best), 11s. 11d. per pair; sent free, 21 stamps. Ladies' and Gentlemen's. PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

NEW SPRING SILKS. Patterns post-free. Rich Checked Silks, 18s. 6d. Full Dress. Brilliant Black Glacé Silks, 11s. 1s. French Fancy Silks, 11s. 3s. 6d. The new Pelika, 11s. 3s. 6d. Rich Alambra Silks, 11s. 3s. 6d. Magnificent Glacé in every shade, 11s. 3s. 6d. Five hundred Dinner Silks, Handsome and Rich in Quality, 2 guineas. Rich Broché Point de Soie, 11s. 3s. 6d. Corded and Gros de Seines Silks, 11s. 3s. 6d. Rich Moire Antiques, 11s. 3s. 6d. Patterns post-free. NICHOLSON and AMOTT, Proprietors, CRYSTAL WAREHOUSE, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

UNFURNISHED SILK DRESSES. 12 yards for 15s. 6d., or 1s. 6d. per yard, all colours. Warrent all pure silk. Patterns post-free. NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

100 PATTERNS SILKS, POST-FREE. All the N-w Coloured Silks for Spring, plain and figured, from 1 guinea the Dozen. FIFTY PATTERNS BLACK SILKS, post-free, from 1 guinea the Dozen. "Noir Impérial" dye. At NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

1000 DOZEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, at 6s. per Dozen. Sample Half-dozen sent on receipt of 3s. in stamps. NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

DO YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN WELL DRESSED?—Boys' Knickerbocker Suits in Cloth, from 1s. 9d.; School Suits, from 1s. 9d. Patterns of the Cloth, Directions for Measurement, and 40 Engravings of new Dress, post-free.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

SILKS.—PATTERNS FREE Rich Black Figured Glacé, 30s. and 40s. the Dozen. Any lengths cut. Now on Sale. JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

MOHAIRS.—PATTERNS FREE. New Spring Walking-Dresses cut by the yard. Mohair Grandines, Washing Mohairs, Fancy Broché Fabrics for the promenade. JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

THE COMING SEASON. MILINERY DEPARTMENT has JUST RETURNED FROM PARIS TO MESSRS. JAY'S ESTABLISHMENT, IN REGENT-STREET. NEW AND DISTINGUISHED SERIES OF DESIGNS, comprising the very essence of the SPRING FASHIONS for 1893. JAY'S LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 247, 249, and 251, REGENT-STREET.

D. LONSDALE and CO., OUTFITTING AND FAMILY DRAPERS, 29, 30, and 31, Aldgate E. (close to Fenchurch-street Terminus). THE SPRING SILKS FOR 1893, from 11s. 3s. 6d. to 40s. 6d. Gros de Seines, Gros de Naples, &c. SPRING DRESSES FOR 1893, Mohair, Challis, Alpaca, Grandines, from 6s. 9d. to 40s. SPRING SKIRTINGS FOR 1893, all the New Patterns and Colours, from 1s. 6d. the wide width. SPRING SHAWLS FOR 1893, French Cashmeres, D'Étoiles, &c., from 12s. 9d. to 50s. SPRING MANTLES FOR 1893, Parisian styles and materials. SPRING RIBBONS FOR 1893, in every style and colour. All widths to match. Cut lengths at wholesale prices.

SELLING OFF! SILKS and FANCY DRESSES. R. WILLEY and SON respectfully announce that they have now ON SALE 500 MOHAIR DRESSES, at prices which must command a speedy clearance. Also upwards of 2000 yards of Fancy Silks, which they have reduced to 2s. per yard. In addition, they are offering a large number of rich Flounced Silk Robes, at 37s. 6d., 45s., and 55s. the Robe, recently changed, 30s., and 110s. 15s. and 16s. Ludgate-hill, London, E.C. (four doors from St. Paul's-churchyard).

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.

SAFETY for STREET DOORS.—CHUBBS' PATENT LATCHES with small and neat keys, at moderate prices. Fireproof safe of all sizes, and Chubb's Detector Locks for every purpose.—Chubb and Sons, 57, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

ORCHARD and CO. ARGYLL HOUSE. ALL THE NEW SPRING NOVELTIES. Silks, Fancy Dresses, Shawls, Mantles. The Royal Shawl (Registered), 21s. 8 guineas. Equivocal Hair Dresses, from 1 guinea. Elegant Opera Mantles, from 1 guinea. Rich Moire Antiques, Black and Coloured, from 15 guineas. The Millinery Rooms are replete with the latest fashions. The Mourning Rooms contain every requisite, of the latest mode, selected with the greatest care from the first French and English Silk Houses. The Family Price List is now on Sale at ordinary prices; also the Carpet as exhibited. Orchard and Co., 256, 258, 160, and 262, Regent-street.